

BEN JOHNSON's  
JESTS:  
~~Wit's~~ OR THE ~~Wit's~~  
~~Wit's~~ Pocket Companion.

B E I N G

A New Collection of the most ingenious  
JESTS, diverting STORIES, pleasant JOKES,  
smart REPARTEEs, excellent PUNS, wise  
SAYINGS, witty QUIBBLES, and ridiculous  
BULLS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Choice Collection of the newest Conundrums,  
best Riddles, entertaining Rebusses, satirical  
Epigrams, humorous Epitaphs, facetious Dis-  
logues, merry Tales, jovial Songs, Fables, &c  
&c. &c.

Here glowing thought, and sense refin'd,  
With laughing wit, and fancy join'd,  
The poignant pun, and brilliant jest,  
In pleasing garb of Nature drest,  
Their universal balm impart,  
To recreate the gloomy heart.

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D U B L I N:

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## Ben Johnson's JESTS.

1 *Ben Johnson* coming down stairs in a tavern his foot slipped, and accidentally beat against a door, which flew open, where some gentlemen were drinking, to whom he said, I did not intend to have intruded myself, but being so accidentally fallen into your company, I am resolv'd to drink with you before I go. One of the gentlemen who knew him, reply'd, Since by your fall we enjoy your company give me leave to rise and bid you welcome.

2 Another time the archbishop sent him an excellent dish of fish from his table, without any drink, so he made these veries:

In a dish came fish  
From the arch bish—  
Hop was not there,  
Because there was no beer.

3 Another time *Ben* comes into an inn in Southwark in a country habit, and gets into the chimney corner; some gentlemen sitting at a table, thought to have put a trick upon him; says one, Come, countryman here's to you. Thank you, master, says *Ben*. Says another, Come, we are going to make some rhymes, and he that can't rhyme must pay the reckoning. I don't know

4      *Ben Johnson's JESTS.*

what you mean, says *Ben*; but let's taste of your ale and your tobacco, and then I am for you: So begin,

*Gool Ale, Tobacco, and a pretty Wench,  
Will bring a Man to the King's Bench,  
And after he has spent all,  
Then take him Sir, \** John Lent-all.

4 As *Ben Johnson* (who was a Bricklayer before he turned Poet) was one morning going early to his work, with his tools in his hand, he was spy'd by a young lady, who was up sooner than ordinary breathing the fresh air out of her chamber window. She was of a gay disposition, and thinking to be merry with our Bricklayer, called to him and said—  
*By line and rule, works many a fool: Good morrow, Mr. Bricklayer.* Ben no sooner turn'd his head and saw her, but he answered, *In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot: Good morrow, Madam.*

5 *Ben Johnson* when he went to *Basingstoke*, used to put up his horse at the sign of the *Angel*, which was kept by *Mrs. Hope*, and her daughter *Prudence*; but *Ben* going one day, and finding strange people in the house and the sign changed, he wrote the following Lines:

*When Hope and Prudence kept this house,  
An Angel kept the door:  
Now Hope is dead,  
The Angel fled,  
And Prudence turn'd a whore.*

6 *Ben*

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\* Who was at that time master of the *King's-Bench*.

6 Ben Johnson and Sylvester being at a tavern, began to rhyme upon each other: Sylvester begins

I Sylvester,

Lay with your sister.

Ben Johnson replies:

I Ben Johnson

Lay with your wife.

That's no rhyme, tays Sylvester; but says Ben Johnson, there is a deal of truth in it.

7 Attorney-General Noy making a venison feast at a tavern, Ben Johnson wrote these verses and sent them,

When all the world was drown'd,

No venison could be found;

For then there was no park:

So here we simple sit,

Like fools without one bit,

Noy has it all in his ark.

For which piece of wit, he had a corner of a pasty and twelve bottles of wine.

8 Another time he designed to go through the Half-Moon in Aldersgate-Street, but the door being shut, was denied entrance: So he went to the Sun Tavern at Long-Lane end, and made these verses.

Since the Half-Moon is so unkind

To make me go about;

The Sun my Money now sha'l have;

And the Moon shall go without.

9 Randolph the Poet having a mind to see Ben Johnson, who was drinking at a tavern with three other Poets, peeps into the room; Ben Johnson, espying him cry'd, Come in Pr-peep, which he did. When the reckoning was called for,

there was five shillings to pay: Then they agreed, that he that made the best extempore verses, should be excused from paying any of the reckoning. When it came to *Randolph's* turn, he made these,

*I Bo-peep and you Four Sheep,  
With every one his fleece :  
You have called what's to pay,  
There's five shillings they say,  
That's fifteen pence a piece.*

10 Ben Johnson owing a vintner some money, restrained his house; the vintner meeting him by chance, asked him for his money; and also told him if he would come to his house, and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Johnson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate: says the vintner, This is not our business, Mr. Johnson, answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to jail, (and he had two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him) Pray, says Ben, propose your four questions. Then, says the vintner, you must tell me, *first*, what pleases God? *secondly*, what pleases the Devil? *thirdly*, what best pleases the world? and, *lastly*, what best pleases me? Well, says Ben,

*God is best pleas'd when man forsakes his sin ;  
The Devil's best pleas'd when men persist therein :  
The World's best pleas'd when you do draw good  
wine ;*

*And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine.*  
The vintner was well pleased, and gave Mr. Johnson

son a receipt in full for the debt, and his bottle of claret into the bargain.

11 *Ben Johnson* having an application made to him by a young heir, to write an epitaph on one that had left him a good estate; and the poet asked him, what he had done that was praiseworthy? the heir could give an account of nothing memorable that he had done, either on the score of charity, or any thing else; but that he had liv'd quietly and privately, and passed with great silence to the grave: but he still pressed to have an epitaph set on his benefactor's tomb. *Ben* at this, asked him how old his friend was? to which he answered, two and forty years: then said the poet, I would have you write this upon him:

*Here lies a man, was born, and cry'd,  
Told two and forty years and dy'd.*

12 A pretty maid having her valentine pinned on her sleeve a gentleman asked her, if her sleeve was to be let? yes, says she, 'tis to be let alone; but my petticoats are to be taken up when I have a fit opportunity, and like my company.

13 The King of *Sweden* being with a very small number of men before a town of his enemies, they, in derision of his strength, hung out a goose for him to shoot at: but perceiving before night, that these few men had invaded, and set their chief holds on fire? they demanded of him, what his intent was? he answered, it was to roast their goose.

14 One asked an extravagant young spark, why he would sell all his lands? he said, because

A 4 he

he was taking a journey towards Heaven, and he should never come there till he had left the earth.

15 One being asked, why he inveighed so much against women, seeing so many authors had written so largely in their praise? why truly, says he, they wrote only what women ought to be; but I say, what indeed they are.

16 An old lady beholding herself in a looking-glass, and spying the wrinkles in her face, threw down the glass in a rage; saying, it was strange to see the difference of glasses; for, says she, I have not looked in a true one these seventeen years.

17 The Lord G—— being at a masquerade, in a cook's habit, another person in a domino, desired he would dress him a dish of veal cutlets:—sir, you being the best looking calf in the company, I must cut the meat from your carcass.

18 A scoffing blade meeting a gentlewoman with a long nose, says, Madam, I would gladly kiss your mouth, if I knew how to come at it for your nose. Nay, sir, says she, if my nose be so big that you cannot come at my mouth, you may kiss me where there is no nose to give you offence.

19 A gentleman coming into a choir, where there was none of the best music in the world, hearing them singing, *have mercy upon us miserable sinners*: Ay, says he, they might very well have said, *have mercy upon us miserable fingers*.

20 A man being asked what the Church of Rome was like? Truly, answered he, I think her as like my wife as any thing. Why so? says the other: Why, says he, she commands when she pleases, without regard of either God or man; and

and then curses all the family to hell, if they give not present obedience.

21 A man being asked how long he had been married? answered, with a sad countenance, I remember very well I became acquainted with my wife in the time of the *great plague*, and now it is almost the thirteenth year of her reign.

22 A countryman near *Oxford* was saying that he had been bargaining with two women for some commodities; but, says he, I found them to be both cheating whores, impudent whores, and scolding whores. Well, neighbour, says one of them, now you talk so much of whores, does your daughter go to *Alkingdon-market* to-morrow, or not?

23 An ignorant physician told a ~~l~~eson, that his cure maintained only himself; but mine, says he, maintains all the sextons in town.

24 A certain clergyman in the West of *England*, being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, apply'd to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his *death*: No, no, doctor, says the other, you quite mistake, it was your *li-*  
*ving* I wanted.

25 One intending to travel, asked a friend of his, which was the nearest way to *Rome*? Why, says he, it is not far to it, for you have no more to do, but to enter in at the gate of *Lewd Life*, which leads to the street of *Tradition*, and it will bring you strait to the *Palace of Supremacy*, and then you are at his Holiness's feet, and you may kiss his toe when you please.

26 Not many years ago, a certain temporal peer, having in a most pathetic and elaborate speech, exposed the vices and irregularities of the clergy, and vindicated some gentlemen of the army, from imputations unjustly laid upon them, prelate irritated at the nature, as well as at the length of the speech, desired to know when the noble Lord would leave off preaching? the other answered, the very day he was made a bishop.

27 One being sick, was counselled to think of Heaven: Why, whither, says he, do you think my wife gone? They told him to Heaven; Nay, then, says he, I care not where I go, so I come not where she is.

28 A country fellow was sent by his master of an errand, from *Covent-Garden* to *Holborn*; he having his master's cloak upon his arm, was loth to carry it with him so far, so he hung it upon the rails in *Covent-Garden*, till he came back; but when he came back, and found the cloak stole, why says he, I have hung my coat vive or six hours upon the a hedge in our country, and the rogues never came, but I think they are all thieves here in *London*.

29 A witch being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink; No, mother, said he, it will do you wrong; for the drier you are, the better you'll burn.

30 A tinker was crying for work; one asked him why he did not stop the two holes in the pillory? says the tinker, If you'll lend me your head and ears, I'll lend you hammer and nails, and give you the work into the bargain.

31 One returning from market, where he had bought a new pair of shoes, met in his way with a poor

a poor young woman that begg'd of him: Truly, said he, I have no money to gve thee; but if thou wilt let me lie with thee, thou shalt have these shoes. The reward, and little good-nature, made her willing to put on the shoes; but when he had done the work, he would have his shoes again, and in spite of her resistance, took them by force, saying, let him that rides thee next, shoe thee for me.

32 A scholar of Cambridge in the time of the assizes seeing a boy in the castle-yard throwing stones at the gallows; Have a care, sirrah, says he, you don't hit the mark.

33 One praying in St. Paul's cathedral, his hat was stolen from him; of which, when he complained to the standers by; you should, said one, have watched as well as prayed.

34 Of all trades a tooth-drawer is the most unconcionable, for he deprives a man of that which he gets his living by.

35 Sir Thomas Moore, the day he was beheaded, had a barber sent him, because his hair was long, which it was thought, would make him more commiserated by the people. The barber asked him whether he would be trimmed? In good faith, honest fellow, said sir Thomas, The King and I have a suit for my head; and till the title be cleared, I will bestow no cost upon it.

36 A person in company railed against a gentleman lately deceased; one of them, to vindicate him, said, he thought him not so very bad as he had been represented; adding, to my knowledge, sir, he was very charitable; and charity, you know, covers a multitude of sins. Faith, sir, so it ought, said the first, for he had a multitude to cover.

37 Once

37 Once an archbishoprick being vacant in *Ireland*, then the Lord Lieutenant was applyed to on the behalf of an elderly bishop to be promoted to the see ; his excellency answered, that the only obftacle to his Lordship's translation, was his *great age* : whereupon it was given to another. Soon after the Lord Lieutenant made a visit to the bishop, and found him sitting in an elbow-chair ; the prelate begg'd his excellency to excuse the manner of his receiving him, for that he was too old to rise.

38 A gentleman being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonfer was entertaining him with an account of the wars in *Italy*, and giving him a descriptiōn of the place, till growing verbose and tedious in his operation, the gentleman said, sir, I hope you're not drawing a map of the country upon my head with your razor.

39 Mr. *Popham*, afterwards Lord chief justice *Popham*, when he was speaker, and the house of commons had sat long, and done in effect, nothing ; coming one day to queen *Elizabeth*, she said to him, Now, Mr. Speaker, what has passed in the house of commons ? he answer'd, And please your majesty, *seven weeks*,

40 Sir *Harry Savill*, being asked his opinion of the poets, by my Lord *Essex* ; he answered, that he thought them the best writers, next to those that wrote prose.

41 One of a great family, and no wealth, married a very rich widow ; says one, This is like a *black pudding* ; the one brought *blood*, and the other brought *fat and oatmeal*.

42 Some

42 Some gentlemen being a drinking, a wench came up to attend them ; she being not enough, in anger they knocked for more ; the master coming up ask'd what they call'd for ? said they, Must we be thus attended ? have you no more whores in the house but this ? yes sir, says he, pray be patient, I'll send up *my own wife* immedately.

43 A child was to be christened, and the man said to his wife, Who dost thou think will be godfather ? Marry I don't know, said she. Why *Will Johnson*. O, the father, says she, will he be here ?

44 A man complaining to his wife she brought him nothing : you lie like a rogue, says she, for I bring you boys and girls *without your help*.

45 One *Rundal*, seeing his friend wear a threadbare cloak, asked him, if it was not sleepy ? Why do you ask ? said the other, Because, said he, I think it has not had a *nap* these seven years.

46 One seeing a drawer drunk, said, that the wine then was even with him ; for he hath pierc'd the wine's hog's head, and now the wine hath pierc'd his.

47 A woman told her husband he was a *witch* ; but he went to a cunning man to know ; who told him, he was no *witch*, but a great *cuckold* : so he comes home rejoicing to his wife ; and told her what he had said : says she, if thou art not a *witch*, I'm sure he is one.

48 Two riding from *Shipton* to *Burford*, and seeing a miller riding softly before them on his sacks, were resolved to abuse him ; so they went one on each side, saying, Miller, come tell us which art thou more knave or fool ? Truly, said he,

he, I don't know which I am most, but I believe I am between both.

49 Some gentlemen riding over a common by a turf-cutter, enquired the way to *Guildford*; when he had directed them right, they asked what time o'day it was? the man, looked up to the sun, told them it was ten. But one of the gentlemen taking out his watch, said it was not ten yet. Then, says the fellow, you may ride till it is, and be pox'd to you, if you will: if you knew better than me, why did you ask the question, and be d--d to you.

50 A lieutenant-colonel in one of the *British* regiments in the *French* service, dispatch'd by the duke of *Berwick*, from fort *Kehl*, to the king of *France*, with a complaint, relating to some irregularities that had happened in the regiment; his majesty, with some emotion of mind, told him, that the *British* troops gave him more uneasiness than all his forces besides. Sir, says the officer ~~all~~ your majesty's *enemies* make the same complaint.

51 A gentleman who had entered into matrimony with a rich widow, told his friends, that he had married a *mine*, to the end that when he wanted money, he had nothing to do but to *dig* in it.

52 A countryman returning from *London* into the country, was asked by a female neighbour, what news was at *London*? he told her, all the news he heard was, that there was a *press* for *cuckolds*. Is there so, said she, then to avoid the worst, *my husband* shall not stir out of doors until the *press* be over.

53 *John Taylor*, the water-poet, being on board the Ship *Hector*, the captain making him merry with

with punch, he began to be very poetical, and saluted the captain with these lines:

*Most noble Hector, and thou son of Priam,  
I wish thou wert but half so drunk as I am.*

54 One seeing on a coffee house sign painted, *Here is coffee and mum to be sold*; said it was good rhyme. How can that be? (said the other) Why thus, said he:

*Here is coffee  
And mum to be  
S. O. L. D.,*

55 Pray, what may your rectorship be worth? said a bishop to a clergymen. As much as your bishoprick, my Lord, Heaven or Hell, answered the rector.

56 When my Lord President of the Council came first to be lord treasurer, he complained to my lord chancellor of the trouble-someness of the place, because the exchequer was empty. The lord chancellor answered; My lord, be of good cheer, now you see the bottom of your busines at first.

57 One asked, why men sued always to the women, and women never to men? Because, said another, women are always ready for the men, but men are not always ready for the women.

58 A lady walking with Mr. Bacon in Gray's-Inn walks, asked him whose was the piece of ground that lay under the wall? he answered, their's. Then she asked him if those fields beyond the walks were their's too? he answered, yes, madam, as you are our's; to look on, but no more.

59 As some fishermen were drawing the river at Chelsea, Mr. Bacon came thither in the afternoon,

noon, and offered to buy their draught, if they were willing. They ask'd thirty shillings; Mr. Bacon, offered ten. They refused it. Why then, says Mr. Bacon, I will be only a looker on. They drew, and catching nothing; says he, Are not you mad fellows now, that might have had an angel in your pocket to have made merry withal, and now you must go home with nothing? Ay, but says the fishermen, we had hopes to make a better gain of it. *Hope is a good breakfast*, says he, *but a bad supper*.

60 A fellow walking in the street in a winter night, and seeing a handsome lantron hung out with a candle in it, thought to secure it for himself; but having climbed up and going to take it, one of the servants seeing him, asked him, what he meddled with the lantron for? I crave mercy, says he, I was only going to snuff the candle, that I might see to go along.

61 A lady told a simple gentleman, that his wit was pretty; Why so, says he? Because, says the, you have so little, and all that's little is pretty.

62 An old lawyer, having his eye upon a fair maid, comes to her and proffers his bridals, which the maid, not relishing, asked him what he was: I am, sweet-heart, says he, a civil lawyer. A civil lawyer, sir, says she, if civil lawyers be such uncivil men, I wonder what other lawyers are.

63 A young fellow, who fancied himself a good player, resolved to take to the stage; and having offered his service to the proprietor of Covent-Garden house was desired to speak some lines of tragedy by way of probation, before the great Mr. Quin: while he was tearing away his traged-

dy

dy speech, a dog who belonged to some of the company set up a howling, which drowned the voice of the actor; hereupon Mr. Quin asked, whose dog it was? and being answered. He's a dog of judgment, by Jove, says he; and then turned away on his heel.

64 Another came also to offer himself, whose talent lay in comedy, and having given a specimen of his capacity to the said Mr. Quin, he asked if he had ever played any parts in comedy; the former answered, yes, he had played *Abel* in the *Alchymist*; I am rather of opinion you play'd *Cain*, says Quin, for I am certain you murder'd *Abel*.

65 An elderly quaker, being joined in the band of wedlock to a brisk widow of the same persuasion, as he was entering the sheets with her on the wedding night, he called for the Lord to direct him: Nay (saith Tabitha) the Lord strengthen thee, and I will direct thee.

66 A good old porter to a monastery was used to say, that generally speaking, their devotion began by, *I believe in God*, and usually ended with the *Resurrection of the flesh*.

67 The Marquis of Grance being just returned from the army, went to wait upon the King at the *Louvere* in his riding-dress, all dusty: Two Marshals of France meeting him in the anti-chamber, in that dirty condition, What a pickle you are in, said they to him, smiling; why, you are like a groom. Right, gentlemen, answered the Marquis, just ready to curry you both very handsomely.

68 A wise Mayor, with his discreet wife, went to see the Queen's ape; as they came in, the ape  
catched

catched at his wife, and made mouths at her; but the mayor told the ape he was an unmannerly gentleman to mock an ancient woman as his wife was, and a midwife too, and one old enough to be his mother.

69 A maid was to be sworn before a justice, who told her, if she told a lye it would be her damnation; at which she humm'd and hah'd a great while; for she was to declare, whether she was maid, widow, or wife; but she, considering of it, said, Though I was never married, yet you may write me down *young woman*.

70 A gentleman being sent for to the sign of the *Horns* in *Cat Eaton Street*, and coming accordingly, but not knowing the house, asked a young man that stood at the door, Pray where is the sign of the *horns*? (the gentleman at the same time stood under the sign) upon which the lad replied, Sir, you cannot well see them, but they are exactly over your head.

71 One came to visit a gentleman in the country, and finding him eating of cherries with his spectacles on, having asked his reason for it: he answered, The truth is, I bid my man bring me *Kentish* cherries, and the knave hath brought me these little ones, which you see; therefore I eat them with my spectacles on to make them look bigger.

72 A country fellow came to a turner's shop to buy a mat; many were shewed him; but he liked none: then to jeer the bumpkin, he brought forth his wife and daughter *Mat*, and told him there were all the mats he had: No, said the country-

countryman, they will not do, for I must have one that has not been laid upon.

73 A rich farmer who had a handsome woman to his wife, when he had lent any thing, as horse, cart, wheel-barrow, &c. would always tell the party, I would not do it to any body but to you ; his wife, hearing him always in this tale, standing behind his back, forks her fingers, and holding them over his head, said, *No, indeed I would not do this courtesy to any but to you.*

74 A gentleman riding along had a dog named *cuckold*, which ran after a bitch into an entry ; upon which he called out *Cuckold, Cuckold* ; the woman came out and said he was a knave to call her husband *Cuckold* ; No, said he, I don't call him, I call my dog ; the more knave you, said she to call a dog by a Christian body's name.

75 A man being very jealous of his wife, so that which way soever she went, he would be prying at her heels, and she being offended thereat, told him in plain terms, that if he did not leave off his proceedings in that nature, she would graft such a pair of horns upon his head, as should hinder him from coming out of any door in the house.

76 A lady of the West country gave a great entertainment to most of the polite gentlemen thereabouts ; and among others Sir *Walter Raleigh* was one ; this lady, tho' otherwise a stately dame, was a notable housewife ; and in the morning early, she called to one of her maids, and asked her, if the pigs were served ? Sir *Walter Raleigh's* chamber joined to the lady's so that he heard her. A little before dinner, the lady coming down,

in great state, into a room full of gentlemen; as soon as Sir Walter Raleigh set eyes upon her, Madam, says he, are the pigs served? the lady answered, You best know whether you have had your breakfast.

77 It was said of one, who remembered every thing he *lent*, and nothing he *borrowed*, that he had lost half his memory.

\* 78 A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape: upon the trial, the judge asked if she made any resistance? yes, and please your reverence, I cry'd out. The judge again enquired when it was she did so? to which the witness replied, in nine months after.

79 A drunken rake, that made it his constant practice to lie in bed every Sunday, was sharply reproofed for it by a clergyman; the beau answered, that he was sorry a person of the sacred function understood the scriptures no better, when the sabbath was appointed for a day of rest.

80 A philosopher used to say, that laws were like cobwebs, which catched the small flies, but let the great ones break through.

81 One said, that there is but this difference between the death, of old men, and young ones, that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.

82 A gentleman fell sick, and a friend of his said to him, surely you are in danger; pray send for a physician. The sick man answered, 'tis no matter, for if I die, I will die at leisure.

83 One was saying, that his great grandfather, and grand-father, and father died at sea. Quoth another, who heard him, if I were you, I would never

never go to sea. Why, said the other, where did your great grand-father, and grand-father, and father die? he answered, in their beds. Then said the first, and if I were you, I would never go to bed.

84 What a fine book could one make out of that you are wholly ignorant of? said a bantering spark one day to his friend; right, answered his friend, and what a paltry one could be made out of what you know?

85 A young woman having newly dined, in the heat of summer, desired her husband to tumble with her upon the bed; he perceived her meaning, and being as full of ice, as the was of fire, told her the dog-days were very unwholesome for that reception. At night, being in bed, she desired her husband to lie closer, for though, said she, there be *ang*-days, yet I never heard of *dog*-nights.

86 A philosopher being asked, why learned men frequented rich men's houses, and rich men seldom visited the learned, answered, that the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.

87 A married man having got a wench with child, was told by the justice, that he thought such a man as he would not have defiled his bed so? You mistake, sir, said he, there was no defiling of the bed in the matter, for it was done in the field.

88 A certain lady standing by a fat young gentlewoman, when her stays were lacing on, took occasion to jibe her upon the largeness of her shape; to which the girl said, she could only wish it as slender as her ladyship's reputation.

89 A chandler having had some candles stolē, one bid him be of good cheer; for in a short time, says he, I am confideſt they'll all come to light.

90 One stealing a cup out of a tavern, was laid hold on; a gentleman sent his man to know what was the matter; he came and told him, only a fellow had a cup too much; Pish, says he, that's my fault, and many an honest man's beside.

91 Another was stopt, and they asked him what was his name; and he said *Adultery*: then, sir, says the constable, I'll commit you. Sir, says he, if you do, your wife will be angry with you for committing *Adultery* upon your watch.

92 A great thief, long using of a city, fee'd a porter to let him in at night; at last he was to be hanged, and being on the ladder, seeing the porter there, said to him, Honest porter, if I come not in to night, don't tarry up for me; but in the mean time you may see me stand hanging here.

93 At an inn, some cattle were foddered in the yard all night, the next morning one told the inn keeper, Faith, neighbour, I wonder you will suffer the west-country oxen to be all night in your yard, they have filled it so full of cow-turds, that a man cannot set a foot for them.

94 One said, players were idle fellows: says another, You are mistaken, for their whole life is nothing but action.

95 One being very jealous, came suddenly home, and found one busy with his wife; says he, Friend I thank thee, I have feared this a long time, but now I find it is true, it hath eased me of a great deal of trouble, I'll be jealous no more.

96 One

96 One meeting a gentleman in *Moorfields* early in the morning, asked him for a morning's draught? on which he answered, that he had been at the *Gun* in *Moorfields* with a wench, and had spent all his money; the other replied, *Guns and wenches are both chargeable.*

97 Two women were chattering together, says one, *My daughter has not laid her eyes together these four nights: You fool,* says the other, *how should she? does not her nose stand between?*

98 An extravagant young fellow, being accused by one of his friends, of mismanaging his estate, saying *I am sorry to see you carry yourself so;* for I see you have all the properties of a prodigal: *Nay,* says the other, *Pr'y thee don't say so,* for I never yet fed with swine: *True,* said he, *but the reason was, because nobody would trust you with their swine.*

99 A forward young girl having been debauched by a gentleman, the wench's father went to learn of a council, whether an action would not lie from his daughter against the seducer; the barrister bid his client go home, and take better care of the rest of his children; for that he believed there had been already *too much action between them.*

100 A gallant setting himself out before his mistress, upon a day, asked her, whom she thought the prettiest man in the world? *Nay,* says she, *that's a puzzling question; but however, I think that man, that is most unlike you, may be for ought I know.*

101 A merry fellow told an old batchelor of a strange dream he had of him the night before, for, says he, I thought you were dead; and I thought I saw you behind hell-door leading of a great ape, and that *Lucifer* coming in, and seeing you, asked, what that old fellow did there? to whom the devil that attended you, told him, you were an old batchelor, and had never lost your maiden head; to whom *Belzebub* said, turn him out again, thou dost him wrong; dost thou not see his son in his hand there, that is so like, that any one may know who was the father of him?

102 The French Ambassador dining with King James, the king in mirth drank a health to him, saying, the King of France drinks a health to the French King. Upoa which the Ambassador replied, *my master is a good lieutenant, for he holds France well for your majesty.* No, says the King, *he holds it from me.* Truly, sir, said the Ambassador, *it is no farther from you than it was.*

103 A country fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichoaks at the lower end; but not knowing what of them should be eaten, and what not, takes a mouthful of the burrs, which almost choaked him: one who sat next him said, Friend, that dish is reserved for the last. Truly answered he (as well as he could) I am of your mind; for I think it will be my last.

104 One said that carpenters are very civil persons, for they have a rule to walk by.

105 *Alonso Cartilio* being informed by his steward, that his income would not hold way with his expence; the bishop asked him, whence it chiefly arose? the steward told him, from the multitude

titute of his servants. The bishop bid him make a list of such as were necessary, and such as might be spared: which he did; and the bishop taking occasion to read it before most of his servants, said to his steward, Well, let these remain, because I have no need of *them*; and these also, because they have need of *me*.

106 *Alonso of Arragon* used to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared best in four things; old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to meet, and old authors to read.

107 A gentleman in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another overloaded with sense told him, that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions; I always get, says he, a thin piece of lead out of an *India* chest, and fit to my shoe for that purpose. Then, sir, says the former, you are like a rope-dancer's pole, you have lead at both ends.

108 A well experienced fellow having, as he thought, newly married a maid, the much desired wedding-night, was come, and when he was in bed with his simpering bride, he began to attempt the taking the virgin citadel; but finding so much facility in the first charge, he began to be in a great passion against his bride, and cry'd out, You d—d whore, you are no maid. To whom she as confidently replied. A pox on you for a whoremaster; who made you so skilful.

109 One said, he had rid his horse so much that he had never a dry thread about him.

110 When it was told *Anaxagoras* that the *Athenians* had condemned him to die ; he said again, *And Nature them.*

111 Queen *Anne Bullen*, as she was led to the block, called one of the king's privy chamber, and said to him, commend me to the King and tell him, he has been ever constant in his course of advancing me ; from a private gentlewoman he made me a Marchioness ; from a Marchioness a Queen ; and now having left me no higher degree of earthly honour, he crowns my innocence with martyrdom

112 A jealous pated fellow pictured a lamb on his wife's belly, for he was going to sea ; and staying out a long time, she began to have an itching desire ; her friends visiting her, copied the lamb, and put a pair of horns upon the head of it ; and when her husband came home he wondered at the horns. Why what is it husband ? said she ; Why horns, said he. O lack, husband, said she, 'tis two years since you went, and by that time all lambs have horns.

113 Soine ladies having a petition to present to the speaker of the house of commons, waited at the door for his going in ; at last the croud grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by ; which one of the messengers seeing, cry'd out aloud, *Ladies pray fall back, and open to the right and left, that the members may go in.*

114 Some pleasant raillery once passing in the court of requests at *Westminster*, between the late Lord *Oxford*, and the late alderman *Parsons* ; the earl, among other things, said, prithee, Mr. Alderman, let me come and take a bit of mutton with

with you ; I hear you keep a good table, but where the devil stands your house ? Oh ! Sir, reply'd the alderman, very nigh Towerhill, where thousands as well as myself, will be heartily glad to see you.

115 Counsellor Cr——le being obliged to ask pardon of the house of commons upon his knees ; when he got up, brushed his knees, saying, *I never was in so dirty a house in my life.*

116 A gentleman and two ladies, being out pretty late in *London*, and not able to get a hackney coach, prevailed with a gentleman's coachman to take them home in his master's chariot, who, hearing them very merry, wou'd often stop to bid them take care of the glass ; at which the gentleman within said, don't be so uneasy, friend, we have rode in a chariot before now ; that I don't doubt, says the fellow, but I believe 'tis a good while since.

117 A gentleman meeting the King's jester, asked what news ? Why, sir, reply'd he, there are forty thousand men risen to-day. I pray to what end, said the other, and what do they intend ? Why to go to bed again at night, said he.

118 A driver chanc'd to overturn his cart far from any assistance, and was forced to stand by till he could find somebody coming that way to help him ; at length a parson came, and thinking to put a joke on the poor carter, said, How now, carter, what ! I see you have killed the devil : Yes, i'faith, master, quoth he, and I have waited two hours for a parson to bury him, and now you are come very seasonably.

119 One seeing a great heap of stones in St. Paul's church-yard, said to his friend, I wish I had some of these stones at home; Why, what would you do with them? said the other, Why, said he, I would build a brick wall round my house with them.

120 Two were disputing which was the noblest part of the body, one said the mouth, because it was saluted first; the other said the breech, because it sat down first: at the next meeting, he that held for the mouth saluted the other with a f---t, at which he seemed angry, Why, said he, that part you hold most noble, and so I salute you with it.

121 One was asking another, how such a person liv'd in these hard times? to which the other answered, By his wits. I wonder, says the other, how he can live upon so small a stock.

122 One was talking of a woman that always hit her husband in the teeth with his horns; says a simpleton, What a fool was he to let his wife know he was a cuckold.

123 An ignorant lawyer, pleading in an action of battery, told the judge, in aggravation of the defendant's crime; that he had beat the plaintiff with a certain wooden instrument, called an iron pestle.

124 The following billet was once put up to be read at a country church: — “The prayers of this congregation are desired for a young man at the point of matrimony,

125 Killegrew, the famous Jester to King Charles II. having been at Paris about some business, went from thence to Versailles, to see the French King's court; and being known there to several

ral of the courtiers who had been at the *English* court, one of them took occasion to tell the *French King*; *Killegrew* was one of the wittiest men in *England*. Upon which, the *French King* desired to see him, which he did: But *Killegrew*, it seems, being out of humour, or at least seemingly so, spoke but very little; and that little he did speak was so little to the purpose, that the *French King* told the nobleman that had commended him for such a wit, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow: but the nobleman assured the king, that (whatever he thought of him) *Killegrew* was a very witty and ingenious man; whereupon the king was resolved to make a further trial of him, and took him into a great gallery, where there was abundance of fine pictures; and, among the rest, shewed him the picture of *Christ* upon the cross, and asked him if he knew who that was? but *Killegrew* made himself very ignorant, and answered, no: Why, said the king, I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the picture of our *Saviour* on the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope's and that on the left is my own. Whereupon *Killegrew* replied, I humbly thank your majesty for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our *Saviour* was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.

126 A dignified clergyman, going down to his living to spend the summer, met near his house a comical old chimney-sweeper, with whom he used to chat: So, John, says the doctor, from whence come you? From your house, sir, says Mr. Soot; for this morning I swept all your chimneys. How

many were there? says the doctor. No less than twenty, quoth *John*. Well, and how much a chimney have you? Only a shilling a piece, sir. Why then, quoth the doctor, you have earned a great deal of *money* in a little time. Yes, yes, sir, says *John*, throwing his bag of *soot* o'er his shoulder, *We black coats get our money easy enough.*

127 A witty knave bargained with a feller of lace in *London* for so much fine lace as would reach from one of his ears to the other. When they had agreed, he told her that he believed she had not quite enough to perform the covenant, for one of his ears was nailed to the pillory of *Bristol*.

128 An elderly lady was telling her daughter, a girl of sixteen, of the abominable lewdness and wickedness of the age, and what debaucheries were daily practised by vicious men, who made use of violence as well as art, to satisfy their brutal appetites; and how that swords and pistols had been put to woman, threatening them with immediate death, if they refused their unlawful embraces; and then asked miss, that if it should ever happen to be her fate to meet with such a trial, how she should behave? says the girl, *Life is sweet, mama.*

129 *Alexander*, after the battle of *Granicus*, had very great offers made him by *Darius*; but consulting with his captains concerning them, *Parmenio* said, sure I would accept of the offers, if I were *Alexander*: *Alexander* answered, *So would I if I were Parmenio.*

130 A country fellow being at a fight, one asked, what exploits he had done there? he said,

he

He had cut off one of the enemy's legs: and being told, it had been more manly done if he had cut off his head; O, says he, you must know, his head was cut off before.

131 One wondering there were so many pick-pockets in *London*, seeing there's a watch at every corner: Pho, says another, they'd as willingly meet with a *watch* as any thing else.

132 An *Oxford* scholar being at *Cambridge* ten days together, they kept him drinking all night, so that he could never rise before dinner; being asked how he liked the place, he said, well enough, but that there is no forenoon in it.

133 Judge *Jeffries*, taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, told him, that if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one. To which the countryman replied, My lord, if you measure conscience by beards, you have none at all.

134 A gentleman had a blind harper playing before him while it was pretty late; at last he commands his man to light the harper down stairs: to whom the servant replied, Sir, the harper is blind; Why, you ignorant loggerhead, says his master, has not he the more need of light?

135 One asked why the watermen were suffered to make such a noise at *Westminster*, to disturb the lawyers in term-time? says another, Pho! the lawyers are used to *bawling* themselves.

136 A thief, early in the morning, went to seek his prey, and took two taylors and bound them together; says he, they say two of a trade can never agree; but now you may fall out and be hanged.

137 Mr. John Ogle, one of the private gentlemen of the first troop of horse guards, whose sister was mistress to the duke of York, being very extravagant, and spending all his pay, used to make his sister supply him with money: but one time entering her chamber, when the duke was asleep in bed with her, she hearing him, immediately drew up the curtain, and lifted up her hand, that he might not disturb the duke, and he should have his demands: he seemed to be satisfied therewith; but when the curtain was drawn, *Jack takes away the duke's cloaths, with his star and garter, laced breeches, gold watch, and money; and went clearly off, without any one seeing him.* When the duke awoke, he was in a great passion on not finding his cloaths; and examining among his servants who had been in his chamber, they answered, none but Mr. Ogle. Oh! quoth the duke, madam, you know who it is has been the thief. About a week after, the duke and several of the nobility were walking in the Park: *Ogle immediately steps up to the duke, and begins to strip, saying, here, take your cloaths again, I have better of my own at home.* The duke seeing him begin to strip, and fearing the robles should be acquainted in what manner he lost his cloaths, said, Pish, fie, Mr. Ogle, do not strip; you are welcome to them. So they parted good friends, and *Ogle went off with great satisfaction.*

138 Another time *Ogle* wanting a pair of boots to mount guard in, goes into a shoemaker's shop, and asked for a pair of boots, which were brought him. They fitted him, he walked up and down the

the shop, to settle them to his feet; but spying an opportunity, he ran out of the shop, and the Shoemaker following him, crying, stop thief! *Ogle* said, no gentlemen, 'tis for a wager; I am to run in boots, and he in his shoes and stockings. Then said the mob, well run boots, for shoes will never overtake thee.

139 There being a general muster of the life-guards in *Hyde Park*, and *Ogle* having lost his cloak at play, was therefore obliged to borrow his landlady's scarlet petticoat; so tying it up in a bundle put it behind him, then mounted safe enough, as he thought, and away he went; but one of the rank perceiving the bundle, immediately gave the duke item, and fell back into the rank again. The duke smilling to himself, said, gentlemen, cloak all; which they all did, except *Ogle*, who stammering and startling, said, cloak all! what a pox must we cloak for? it don't rain. But he not cloaking, the duke said, Mr. *Ogle*, why don't you obey the word of command? Cloak, sir, said *Ogle*! why there then, and peeping his head out at the top of the petticoat, though I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the belt of you.

140 Mr. *Ogle* lived too extravagantly to keep his horse, therefore he kept none, but when he was to mount guard, he would hire a coach that had a good pair of horses, then putting his saddle and arms in, and ordering the coachman to drive him to *Hyde Park* gate, he would compel the coachman to lend him one of the horses, otherwise would threaten immediately to shoot him; which trade he having followed to such a degree, that

that the duke of *Monmouth* taking notice, that he never mounted guard twice with the same horse, he said, Mr. *Ogle*, I think you have more change of horses than I have; for every muster you have a fresh horse. Quoth *Ogle*, may it please your grace, I can't tell whether I have greater variety than you, but I never mount guard but I can fellow my horse. Now when the muster was quite over, and the regiment riding out of the park, *Ogle* rides up to the duke, and shewing him the hackney-coach, which was waiting with but one horse, see you there, quoth *Ogle*, did not I tell your grace that I could shew you the fellow of this horse? I will never want a horse for his majesty's service, so long as there is a hackney-coach in the town; which made his grace smile, and *Ogle* returned the coachman his horse again.

141 Another time, Mr. *Ogle* being at *Locket's* ordinary, where he was playing at hazard with a great many lords, he had very good luck at gaming among them; therefore he ordered a porter to go up and down the streets, and bring to him as many poor people as he could get, who in a little time brought in upwards of a hundred beggars: whereupon *Ogle* ordered them a shilling a-piece, in meat and drink. By that time they had made an end of their allowance, Mr. *Ogle* had broke all the persons of quality, discharged the *Mumpers'* reckoning, and given them six pence a-piece besides. As he was going into *Spring Gardens*, he met the Duke of *Monmouth*, who asked *Ogle* where he had been? Been! quoth he, why I have been fulfilling the scripture. Quoth the duke, I believe you know nothing of the matter

matter. No matter for that, said *Ogle*, but I have filled the hungry with good things, and the rich I have sent empty away.

142 A lieutenant of a man of war getting leave of his captain to spend a month or two in town lodged in a house where there were two sisters, to the eldest of which he made his address; but matters not being brought to a conclusion before his time was expired, he was obliged to leave his lady and return to his ship. He had not been many weeks on board before he received a melancholy letter from his mistress; in which she told him the fruits of their love now began to appear, and that, if he did not come and perform his promise, her reputation was gone. Among her other complaints, she told him, that nothing vexed her so much as the reproaches of her sister, who, upon the slightest occasion, says she, calls me nothing but whore; whereas, to my certain knowledge, she would have been a whore too, had she not miscarried.

143 A great officer in *France* was in danger of losing his place; but his wife, by her suit, made his peace: whereupon a pleasant fellow said, that the officer had been crushed, but that he saved himself upon his horns.

144 A Taylor that was ever accustomed to steal some of the cloth his customers brought, when he came one day to make himself a suit stole half a yard: his wife perceiving it, asked the reason? Oh, said he, 'tis to keep my hands in use, least at any time I should forget it.

145 A countryman coming to *London*, went into a bookseller's shop to buy a bible: the man shewed

shewed him one that had a patch in the cover: the countryman was displeased at that and would see more; whereat the master came out, asked his servant what the man would have? sir, says the boy, he wants a bible, and he does not like this: then the master looked on it, why, sirrah, said he to his apprentice, have I but one double covered bible in all the shop, and you must shew every one this? C, pray, said the countryman, let me have it by all means, if it be double covered; for I would fain have a lasting one: and so paid the price down most willingly.

146 A lady be owing to a wealthy parish in *London*, having had the misfortune to bury several of her family in a little time, the sexton brought her a bill; which she thinking unreasonable, demanded some abatement, and tendered him five shillings less than he had charged. The sexton eyed the money, and at length took it up, saying, as you have been a good chap, madam, and I expect more of your custom, I'll take it for this time, but I really cannot afford it.

147 In a former reign, a captain in the Royal Navy, who had a seat in parliament, and was very zealous against the court, was at length promised to be made an *Admiral*, upon the first vacancy that should happen. Some of his friends observing, that he did not exert himself in the manner he had done before, were asked the reason of it; when a gentleman present said, *He flags, he flags.*

148 One told his friend merrily, he was bewitched, for his head was all in one lump. And you, my friend, replied the other, *I am afraid are mad, for your heart is not on the right side.*

149 One said, a covetous man was never satisfy'd. Why so, said his friend. Because, replied he, he thinks *nothing* enough. Why then, said the other, he is satisfied with the least, if nothing be enough for him.

150 A gentleman being choaked with a honey-comb, his friend began to bemoan him. *Why make ye such lamentation?* said a witty fellow, *never a man had a sweeter death.*

151 A tutor bid his pupil come to the schools; but he slept all the while 'till exercise was done; home comes the tutor, and finds him asleep, and asked him why he did not come to dilputation? *Truely, Sir,* said he, *I never dreamt on't.*

152 One having an extreme bad cough, said, if *one* cough be so troublesome, what would a man do if he had *twenty*?

153 A traveller relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made fifty wild *Arabians* run; which startling them, he observed, that there was no such great matter in it; for, says he, we run and they run after us.

154 Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, upon bills exhibited to discover where lands lay, upon proof, that they had a certain quantity of land, but could not set it forth, used to say, And, if you can't find your land in the country, how would you have us to find it in chancery.

155 When Sir *Nicholas Bacon*, lord keeper, lived, every room in *Gorhambury* was served with a pipe of water from the ponds, distant about a mile off. In the life time of Mr *Anthony Bacon*, the water ceased; after whose death, his Lordship coming to the inheritance

could not recover the water without infinite charge, when he was Lord-Chancellor, he built *Verulam* house by the pond side, for a place of privacy ; when called upon to dispatch busines, and being asked, why he built that house there ? His Lordship answered, that since he could not carry the water to his house, he would carry his house to the water.

156 A shopkeeper's man calls an orange wench, and asked her what she would take for a penny-worth ? Ay, says she, your mother said when you were a *puppy*, you'd be a great *whelp* in time.

157 An old parson was reprehending the gallants of the times, saying, beloved, the apparel which men now wear, makes them look like apes in their short breeches ; and the ladies, forsooth, must have their gowns daggling half a yard upon the ground, a very unseemly sight : now, to rectify this disorder, you women should take up your coats, and you men should let down your breeches.

158 One of the comedians walking down *Bow-street, Covent garden*, saw a poor miserable object, asking charity ; he stopped and relieved him, saying at the same time, *This man must either be in very great distress, or a very good actor.*

159 A clergyman, who had led a very dissolute life about town for many years, at last made interest to go chaplain to a gentleman who was going abroad in a public character ; the envoy told him, he had been thoroughly informed of his vicious courses, yet that should be no obstacle to his preferment, was he not still wanting of one vice more. The parson, amazed at a complaint of his deficiency in wickedness, impati-

impatiently desired to be informed in what he had fail'd ; the **envoy** replied, *hypocify*, to cover all the rest.

160 One speaking of a young physician asked, whether he kept his **coach**? *No* says another, *his coach keeps him*.

161 A gentleman had often solicited his wife's maid for a little of that which *Harry* gave *Doll* ; but she denied still, saying, he'd hurt her, and then she should cry out : after all was done, look you there now, said he, did I hurt you ? well, said she, or did I cry out ?

162 A cooper beat his wife for pissing the bed ; one desired him to be more moderate, for she was the weaker vessel, therefore, says he, I hoop her, because she should hold water the better.

163 A French doctor asked a waterman, whether he might safely go by water over the river ? the fellow told him, yes ; but the doctor coming to the water-side, and finding it very rough, said, you watermen are the veryest knaves in the world, for to gain sixpence, you care not tho' you cast a man away. *Sir*, said the waterman, *we are men of cheaper function, and don't ask so much for casting men away as you do*.

164 A minister being deprived for non-conformity, said to some people, *it should cost a hundred men their lives* ; some who thought him a turbulent fellow, that would move sedition, complained of him ; who upon being examined, said his meaning was, *that he would practice physic*.

165 One of the philosophers was asked ; how a wise man differed from a fool ? he answered, send them both naked to a stranger and you will see.

40      *Ben Jonson's JESTS.*

166 A person being asked, what learning was most necessary in human life, answered, to unlearn that which was bad.

167 A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit out of one court into another. Let him remove it to the devil, quoth the other, I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow him.

168 A city serjeant had an action against a gentleman at the suit of a taylor: He espies the gentleman (but having forgot the taylor's name) and told him he had an action against him: At whose suit? says the gentleman. Why, at his suit that made your suit, replies the serjeant.

169 Two rich men being tired out with a tedious law-suit, at last they agreed to refer it to a justice of the peace; the plaintiff (who had the equity of the cause on his side) presented the justice with a new coach; and the defendant did the like with a couple of horses. The justice approving of the horses better than the coach, gave it for the defendant. The next day, the plaintiff asked him, Why his coach went out of the right way; Oh! says the justice, I could not possibly help it, for the horses drew it so.

170 A reverend gentleman having received an invitation to dinner, wrote on the *Ten of Hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit and fortune. This, the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes, he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant,

*Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,  
For old English service is much more sincere:*

You've sent me ten hearts, but the tythe's only mine,  
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine.

171 A jury having given 1500*l.* damages against Sir, R—— H——ly, for criminal conversation with a gentleman's wife, as the defendant was going out of court, he cried, *Damn these twelve appraisers, they have confoundedly over-valued my pastime.*

172 Dr. Bentley shewing a young lady the fine library in Trinity College, and among the rest of the books, his own writings curiously bound, asked the lady how *she liked the binding*: The lady answered, they were extremely handsome, but she chose rather to have his *works in sheets*.

173 A trial for lands being pleaded before a chancellor, the counsel on both sides, set forth their limitations in question by the plat; and one counsel pleaded, *My Lord, we lie on this side*; and the other said, *My Lord, we lie on this side*; Nay, says the chancellor, if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you.

174 An usurer had constantly two dishes brought to his table, but eat of but one; his man once brought but one, and left the other behind: Sirrah, says he, where's the other dish? Sir, says he, it has come so oft, I thought it would have found it's way hither without any assistance.

175 One sent his man to a lawyer for advice without a fee, but was slighted; then his master went, and gave him his fee: O, now, says the lawyer, I understand you. When he came home, he chid his man for not telling the business right: O, Sir, says he, I had not my instructions in my pocket.

176 A lady was saying she had overthrown her adversary; at which one of her servants said, Ay, he took a wrong sow by the ear when he meddled with your ladyship.

177 A scrivener's man, reading a bill of sale to his master, said, I do demise, grant and to farm lett, all my lands, &c. but on a sudden the cough took him; at which, quoth his master, read on, with a pox to you; your heirs and their heirs for ever.

178 One let a farm by word of mouth to a tenant who much abused it, by selling the wood, cropping the ground, and the like, as being a tenant at will: The landlord seeing that, vowed he would never after let any thing without a writing; but his wife over-hearing him, Good husband, said she, recall your words, or else you cannot f-t without writing.

179 A certain preacher having changed his religion for a good benefice, was much blamed by some of his friends for deserting them. To excuse himself, he assured them, he should not have done it, *but for seven reasons*. Being asked what they were, he answered, *a wife and six children*.

180 Dr. Bently being in a very numerous company at Cambridge, after the election for parliament men, a few years ago, was so elevated on their having chosen two courtiers to represent the university, that he said, *Now God be praised, we've got rid of an old scab*; meaning the two candidates who were thrown out. To which a gentleman present replied, *Ah! doctor, 'tis too true; but you will never get rid of a BOYLE* \* *that you had*

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\* The doctor had been engaged in a controversy with the great Mr. BOYLE.

some time ago, which will make you uneasy as long as you live.

181 An honest bacchanalian, who belonged to a club at the *Horn Tavern* in *Fleet-street*, was chid by the chairman one night for staying so long beyond his usual time. He begged pardon for his transgression, and said, he had been about an affair of moment, and which that worthy company was interested in ; in short, he had been making his will ; and as he had left twenty pounds to be expended by them the day of his interment, he should be glad to know where they would spend it. He told 'em that he had ordered himself to be buried at *Epsom* : The chairman said, they would breakfast then at *Mitcham*, which was half way thither, and then go and see him buried. Pray, gentlemen, says he, if I may presume to ask such a favour, I wish you'll oblige me so far as to let it be all drank at *Mitcham*. Your reason, Sir, replied the chairman : Because, says the gentleman, I shalt then have my humour to the end ; for you know I always loved to be at the last bottle.

182 The famous *Jack Ogle*, of facetious memory, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion indiscreetly to talk of it in the public coffee-house ; which obliged *Jack* to take notice of it ; so that it came to a challenge. Being got into the field, the gentleman, a little tender in the point of courage, offered him the note to make it up ; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. But now, said the gentleman, if we should

return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us: therefore let's give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded one another. With all my heart, says *Jack*, come, I'll wound you first; so drawing his sword, he whipt it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears in his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a hand-kerchief; come, says the gentleman, now where shall I wound you? *Jack* putting himself in a posture of defence, cried, *Where you can, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, I can swear I received this wound of you; and so marched off contentedly.

183 A person said, that soldiers in peace are like chimney sweepers in summer.

184 One of the late Kings was riding a hunting, and coming to a gate which he must go through, seeing a country clown at it, said, prithee fellow, open the gate: The fellow knowing who he was, said, no, and please your grace, I am not worthy of that office, but I will run and tell Mr. Holt, who is justice of the peace, two miles off, and he shall come and open it for your grace. So, he ran away, and left the king to open the gate himself.

185 An *Irish* gentleman being met by two of his acquaintance in St. James's Park, who observing he had got a new coat that sat very awkwardly upon him, asking him how his taylor came to make it so badly? to which the *dear* joy answered, *That he was so unfortunate as not to be at home when his taylor took measure of him.*

186 A country attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr.

Mr. Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt of the court; to which the attorney very briskly replied, *That although his shirt was dirty, his hands were clean.*

187 King Charles the second, with some of his nobles, being a hay-making, *Nell Gwynn* was with them, and looking upon them. Quoth the king, *So Nell, why don't you make hay?* To which she said, *If your Majesty and the Nobles will cock as much as you can, I'll spread for you all.*

188 A clownish gentleman, who had courted a young lady, the marriage being agreed upon, he espied a pretty mare a grazing, which he would have into the bargain. The gentleman being unwilling to part with his mare, the match broke off. A twelve-month after, this formal wooer meets the lady at a fair, and would fain have renewed his old acquaintance; but the pretended ignorance at first, said, she did not know him! No, said he, do not you know me. Why I was once suiter to you, *I cry your mercy, Sir,* said she, *now I remember you, you came a wooing to my father's mare, and she is not married yet.*

189 Some gentlemen being in a tavern, as they were in the height of their jollity, in came a friend of theirs, whose name was Sampson. Ah, said one, we may be now securely merry, fearing neither serjeant, nor bailiff, for though a thousand of such *Philistines* would come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all. Sir, replied Sampson, I may boldly venture on so many as you speak of, providing you will lend me one of your *jaw-bones.*

190 One was advised to venture something in the lottery. Not I, says he, for none has luck in

it but rank cuckolds. Come, come, said his wife, who was standing by, pray my dear, venture something ; for I am sure you will have very good luck.

191 A great zealot advised one to leave off all wickedness, especially that of the flesh, and live altogether by the spirit, as he did. Yes, says the other, I do believe you do ; for sure 'twas some spirit that moved you to get your maid with child.

192 One Little, a mayor, sent a fellow out of malice to prison ; but being to go out of his place at Michaelmas, the fellow went merrily singing,

*When Michaelmas is come and I shall be free,  
I'll care as little for Little, as Little doth for me.*

193 A sea captain's opinion being asked about a future state, he answered, that he never troubled himself about state affairs.

194 A Scotch gentleman being once reproached for voting against his conscience, said, the charge was false, for he never had a conscience.

195 A lady ordered her Irish footman to Mr. Richards, the famous staymaker, to fetch home a new pair of stays, withall strictly charging him, if it rained, to take a hackney-coach. A violent shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays drooping wet ; and being severely reprimanded for not obeying the commands of his lady, replied, *That in truth he did take a coach, but came all the way behind as became his station.*

196 A Quaker lodging at an inn, the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out ; but he told him it was his room, and by yea and nay he should not come there. The Hector then began

to thunder out his oaths, and to strike him, but the Quaker being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the tapster to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *yea* and *nay* had kick'd *G-d danme* down stairs.

197 When the troops kept guard in St. Paul's church, a countryman hearing that the troop was on guard which had quartered in their town; he went in, and found the man that had quartered at his house. O, landlord, says the trooper, how d'ye? thank you heartily, says the countryman, and I am glad to see this blessed reformation in *London*, for in our town we can't get the people to church, and here the very horses come to church.

198 King *James* keeping his court at *Thespils*, in a time of contagion, divers constables, with their watchmen, were set at several places, to hinder the concourse of people from flocking thither without some necessary occasion; among others, one gentleman (being somewhat in the garb of a servant man) was examined what lord he belonged to? to which he readily reply'd, to the *Lord Jecca*, which word being beyond the constable's understanding, he asked his watchmen, if they knew such a lord? they replied no. However, the constable being unwilling to give, distaste, said, Well, let him pass, notwithstanding, *I believe it is some Scotch Lord or other.*

199 One desired a kindness of a covetous rich miser: yes, says he, you shall have it, if you can persuade me to it. Why, faith, said he, if I were

were to persuade you to any thing it should be to hang yourself.

200 A certain nobleman, who had too much fortitude and greatness of soul to be shaken with every breath, was in *Ireland* during the late Rebellion in *Scotland*, and one morning, when it was reported that the *Roman Catholicks* were about to rise, a gentleman ran into his chamber very abruptly, *My Lord, my Lord, we're undone*, says he, *all Dublin is up*. *Why what's o'clock?* says the nobleman, *Ten, my Lord*, answered the gentleman. *Why then, truly*, says his lordship, with seeming unconcern, *I'll get up myself, for I think every man should be up at ten o'clock.*

201 Some years ago, a door-keeper at the Parliament-House being suspended for taking money to let the people into the house to hear the debates; the poor man complained to one of the members of the hardship of his case, that when his masters took money within doors, he must not be suffered to do it without.

202 A grave noble peer made a visit one morning to the honourable *John Sp-r*, who received him sitting in an elbow-chair quite naked: there were loud complaints made in the town of the indecency of the action, besides the disrespect shewn to a person of such high quality. *Mr. Sp-r* said, he thought he paid his lordship the greatest compliment, by receiving him in his birth-day suit.

203 One parting a fray was cut into the skull; says the surgeon, sir, one may see your brains: nay, then I'll be hang'd, said he, if I had any brains, I had never come there.

204 A constable carried a big belly'd wench before a justice, and said, An't please your worship, I have here brought you a maid with child. The wench call'd him a fool and knave ; she being reproved, said he must needs be one of 'em for, said she, if I am a maid he is a fool to think I am with child ; and if I am not with child, he is a knave for saying I am

205 Some thieves met a man, robb'd him, and bound him in a wood ; a little after, they met with another, bound him also, and laid him on the other side of the hedge ; then one of 'em, cry'd out, saying, I am undone, I am undone ! the other hearing him say so, pray'd him, that he would come and undo him too.

206 A gentleman meeting of his godson, ask'd him whither he was going ? to school, replies the boy. That's well done, said he, there's fixnence for you, follow thy learning apace ; *I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon.*

207 A fellow stood staring at a lady in a balcony, at which she retired ; says he, what, does the sun offend you, madam ? yes, says she, the son of your father and mother.

208 One held a paradox, that wise men were great liars ; for, said he, the old proverb tells us, children and fools tell truth.

209 One night a drunken fellow jostled against a post ; but the fellow thought some body had jostled him, and fell a beating the post till his fingers were broken. Says one to him, fie, what makes you fight with a post ? says he, why did he not blow his horn then ?

210 A grazier sent his son to the university, and he studied poetry ; his father check'd him for it ; well, since you are a poet, tell me, why so handsome a woman as *Venus* married such an ugly fellow as *Vulcan*? I wonder at it too, father ; and yet I wonder as much why my mother married you.

211 One ask'd another, what such a one was? He told him, a proctor of the court, and doth some busines of my wife's. Come, said he, he doth no busines of thy wife's, but does thy busines upon thy wife.

212 A country fellow being to be catechised (who was an apprentice) the parson ask'd him, What's your name? *John*, says the fellow. Who gave you the name? says the parson. My godfathers and godmothers, &c. says the fellow. Well said, says the parson ; and what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you? Says *John*, Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my time.

213 One telling his friend of the death of one whom he loved entirely, says t'other, it's impossible, for if he had been dead, he would have sent me word, I'm sure on't.

214 In a storm at sea, all went to prayers but one, and he fed heartily on salt meat ; being ask'd the reason, said, *He should drink more to-day than ever he did in his life.*

215 Coblers may be said to be good men, because they set men upright, and are very diligent in mending of soles ; and of all knaves there is the greatest hope of a cobbler, for though he is never so idle a fellow, yet he is always mending.

216 One



216 One said, that *watermen* might be taken for politicians, because they look one way and row another.

217 One having stole a watch, the constable was sent after him; at last, being taken by others for a suspicious person, as they were examining of him, the watch was took in his pocket; *A pox of this luck, says he, to escape the constable and be found out by the watch.*

218 A poor gentleman that had trifled away his estate, being in company with some merry citizens, one would needs puts a joke upon him, saying, though citizens for the most part were younger brothers and gentlemen, the elders carried away the estates, and were bred up highly in learning; yet many times the citizens outwitted them, and got their lands: To which the gentleman reply'd, *That it was not their wit, but that Providence order'd it so, for, says he, we get your children, and you get our estates; and it is fit the land should descend to the right heir.*

219 A certain great lady passing in her chariot through *Long-Acre* one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel; the spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: the old lady causing her coachman to stop at the door, called out to him, *My son, my son, never be ashamed at coming out of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of going into one.*

220 A handsome young gentlewoman, of a good family and small fortune, was ask'd, why she did not apply to be a maid of honour? She answered, *because she could not push for it.*

221 One

221 One, when the hangman came to put the halter about his neck, desired him not to bring the rope too near his throat ; *For I am, says he, so ticklish about that place, that I shall hurt myself so with over-laughing, that it will go near to throttle me.*

222 A drunken fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever he ask'd him, he full said, your worsh.p's wife ; then he committed him till the next morning ; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talk the night before. Why what did I say ? whv, whatsoever I said to you, says the justice, you still said, your worship's wife : that I thought thou *wert mad*. Truly, says he, if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.

223 A young woman came to a lady to be hired, and the lady told her, she was no maid. Yes, indeed, madam, says she, but I am. How can that be, reply'd the lady, when to my knowledge, you have had a child ? Well, madam, says she, it was but a very little one, and do you make such a matter of that ?

224 A simple fellow had a great love for a young maid, as he thought she was, and that they might live peaceably and quietly together hereafter, he thought of this expedient : one day he told her, that it was his full intent to marry her, and to prevent future quarrels, he said he would tell her all the secrets of his heart, that their alliance might be the stronger : amongst many other things, he told her, that in the heat of blood he got a son, on a friend of his, which friend was yet living, and desired her not to take it amiss. No, no, said she, I am very well

well pleased, for a friend of mine got me with child, and it is a daughter; and if you intend to fortify our alliance, it may be done with another marriage, that is, between your son and my daughter.

225 A Cobler's wife, speaking of a street where-in she had lived before, her apprentice, innumbling, said, there was none but whores and bawds lived there. What's that you said, firrah? said she. I said, says he, there's honest women than yourself lives there.

226 A man, complaining to his friend, that his wife's drunks and ill conduct had almost ruined him, concluded, as the vulgar usually do? and for goodness sake, What's to be said for it? nothing, that I know, says his friend, can be said for it, but much I ains't it.

227 Several French courtiers passing over a bridge at *Paris*, they saw a blind man begging, whose eye-balls appear'd so fair, that many people adjudg'd him to be a counterfeit: a nobleman's bastard going by, said he would try the experiment; for, says he, if he can see I am sure he knows me, by reason I pass this way so often: so he goes to the beggar, and pulls him by the nose. Says the beggar, roaring out, You bastardly rogue, what's that for? Look ye there, says the bastard, how shicld he have known me if he had not counterfeited?

228 A gentleman meeting the Duke of *Phan's* Jester, asked him what was his name? why none of your name, says he. I know that, replied the gentleman; but what is your name? says the Jester, my name is my father's name. And what

is his name, says the gentleman? It is the same name as mine. Then what are both your names? why, says the Jester, they are both the same.

229 A great eater in *Antwerp*, having a large piece of roast-beef set before him, he eat sometimes at one end, and then at the other, the woman desired him to cut it handsomely, and in one place? says he, it is no matter where I begin, for I intend to make an *end* of it all before I go.

230 A man and a woman were got into a great round sugar barrel, and the constable having notice of it, came thither, and was resolved to send them to the round-house: O, no, said a gentleman, I pray good Mr. Constable, by no means; for you see they have put themselves into the round-house already.

231 A young fellow wished himself the richest cuckold in *England*. Said his mother, you are a covetous boy; has not your father enough in store for you.

232 One of the ambassadors from *Morocco*, having never seen snow, till he came into *England*, and observed (when it snowed) that the boys gathered it up in their hands, said, it is no wonder the *English* were so fair, since they washed themselves in white rain.

233 One having a kinswoman came out of the country, that was never at *London* before, invited her abroad, and having shewed her the tombs at *Westminster*, came with her to the king's chapel, where the organs were playing, and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying, indeed cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot dance.

234 A bastard was telling his friend, that he was as much beholden to such a man, as to his own father: Yes, says the other, but I believe you are more beholden to your mother, to chuse such a father, than to your father that chose such a mother.

235 A fellow blaming his sweetheart, telling her, that she was false to him; she, to clear herself, used many imprecations, bidding him, if it were so, to mark her end; nay, for that, said he, I shall not so much mark your end, as I shall your middle.

236 A prating wonian who had lost her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy: I can't guess at any other reason, says he, but that your tongue grates too much against them.

237 A deaf fellow coming to London to sell a turkey, at Hyde-Park corner, had occasion to untruis a point; a gentleman passing by, intending to put a joke upon him; countryman, said he, there's a turd under you. The man, thinking he asked the price of his turkey, said 4s. master. I say, there's a turd under you, said the other. It is as good as ever you eat in your life, said the fellow, either baked or roasted. You rascal, said he, I could find in my heart to kick you soundly: chuse, said the fellow, if you won't another will.

238 A smart fellow crossing a late king in his hunting, he rides after him with his sword drawn; Pray sir, says he, do not knight me before my elder brother is dead, for I am but a younger brother! which took the king's fury off in a laughing humour.

239 A woman who had been married but three days, call'd her husband cuckold; says her mother,

ther, Housewife, you are a drab, to begin to call your husband cuckold already, for I have been married at least thirty years to your father, and durst never tell him of it yet.

240 A man of mean fortune married a handsome woman w<sup>th</sup> a great estate, yet she must have a gallant, and being in private with him, told him greatly she loved him; but the husband overhearing her, said, believe her not, for she has told me so these seven years; which made him run down faster than he came up.

241 A w<sup>oman</sup> when dying, her husband asked her who he should marry? Are you in such haste, says she, why then, marry the devil's dam. No, says he, I don't care to commit incest, for I have matched with the daughter already.

242 Count Gondomar lying at Ely-House, desired my lady Hatton to let him have a passage out at the back door into the fields, which she put off with a compliment: He tells King James, that my Lady Hatton was a strange w<sup>oman</sup>; for she would not let her husband in at the fore door, nor he go out at the back-door.

243 Two widows sitting by the fire, were chattering together of their dead husbands; and one said, let us have another candle, for my poor husband lov'd light, God send him light everlasting; and, said the other, let us stir up the fire, my husband lov'd fire, I wish him fire everlasting.

244 A gentleman was accused for getting his maid with child, and that he went into his maid's bed to do it: he to excuse it, swore he never went into his maid's bed, for the bed was his own.

245 A gentleman galloping furiously over ploughed lands towards *Thame*, meeting one, says he, *Is this the way to Theme?* Ay, says he, your horse, if he be as wild as the devil.

246 The late Earl of *Rochester*, who lived in the reign of King *Charles II.* happening one day to wait upon the King, when there were present the Duke of *York*, the Duke of *Monmouth*, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, and Dr. *Fraser*; when as *Sug* the greatest dunce in the whole college, having got the honor to be one of the King's physicians, his majesty being then in a merry humour, upon the Earl's coming in, says to him, *Rochester*, I am told you are very good at making *verses extempore*; is it so? The Earl replied, an't please your majesty, I have made *verses extempore* many times. Pray then, let us have some of them now, said the King. On what subject would your majesty have them? said the Earl. At which the King, looking about him, answered, on us that are here. I beg your majesty's pardon, replied *Rochester*, I dare not do it. Dare not do it? said the King, Why so? For fear I should offend your majesty, replied *Rochester*. No, no, you shan't offend me, said the King, say what you will, and therefore I command you to do it. Nay, if your majesty commands me, says *Rochester*, you must be obliged, and thereupon the Earl began thus;

*Here's Monmouth the Witty,  
And Lauderdale the Pretty,  
And Fraser that learned Physician;  
And above all the rest.  
Here's the Duke for a Jest,  
And the King for a great Politician.*

O my

O my conscience, says the King, he has satyrised us all; No wonder, indeed, that you begged my pardon beforehand, for you was resolved to stand in need of it.

247 At another time the King and some of his Lords were at Crambo, and the word they were to rhyme to was *Lisbon*; they were all at a stand, and none could do't. At last, says the King, we want my Lord *Rochester* now. Says one of the Lords, I saw him but a little while ago go into my Lord *Chamberlain's*. Upon which, one of the gentleman of the privy chamber then in waiting, was sent to tell him, the King would speak with him, and the gentleman finding my lord there, he brought him along with him. When he came into the presence, says the King, *Rochester*, we have been at Crambo, and none of us can make a rhyme for *Lisbon*. No, said the Earl, that's strange! can't please your Majesty. Why, can you do't, says the King? Yes, Sir, says the Earl, in a Stanza, if your Majesty will grant me your pardon. You're thinking some mischief now, says the King; and then smiling upon my Lord *Rochester*, well, says he, I grant you my pardon. Upon which, *Rochester*, taking a glass of wine in his hand, said,

Here's a health to Kate,  
Our sovereign's mate,  
Of the royal house of Lisbon;  
But the Devil take Hyde,  
And the Bishop beside,  
That made her bone his bone.

At which, the King biting his lips, and frowning at *Rochester*, bid him begone.

248 One borrowed a sum of money, and failed to pay it at the time; his creditor meeting him, began to chide him for not keeping his day. O sir, says he, excuse me, I am not a strict observer of set days.

249 One Mr. Hyde had three sons, and having no estate to settle upon the youngest, told him, he must needs bind him apprentice, and bid him make choice of some trade: the youth being of a smart and ingenious temper, told him he would be a tanner. Pish, says the father, that's a natty trade. Yes, says he, but the most convenient trade for me of any; you have but little to give me, and three hydes will set me up. What hydes are those, says the father? Sir says he, your's and my two elder brothers.

250 An exciseman walking by a river, seeing a boy fishing who knew him; my pretty lad, says he, what dost fish for? I fish for the devil, replied the boy, but I want the right bait to catch him. What bait, is that? said the other. Indeed, sir, I have been told; there is no better bait in the world than an exciseman.

251 It was reported a long time, that Queen Elizabeth was dead, and then contradicted again: one that was by swore, he had heard it so often, that he would never believe it till he saw it under her own hand.

252 One coming into a friend's house, he saw the four seasons of the year hanging; said he, These are very pretty; but if you had bought the whole dozen of them, it would have set off the room very handomely.

253 A merry cobler commanding a cup of nut-brown ale, said, let old *Joan* my wife chafe and hide me ever so much, if she should cut my throat, I would drink strong ale still.

254 One seeing his son doing mischief, cried out, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy.

255 One told a baker's son, his father was a knave: *Truly, sir*, he, tho' I say it, hat should not say it, my father is as honest a man as ever liv'd by bread.

256 A gentleman having brought his friend down into his cellar, his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it? because, says the other, I will have no man that comes here to sit any longer than he can stand.

257 A gentleman used to be drunk, when he came to the wainscot about the floor, and said, Let me drink for the house, and he would lie where he pleased. At length he falls into the fire; and the maid runs to her master, and told her she could not get him out: Let him alone, says she, he pays rent for the house; let him lie where he pleases.

258 A member of the House of Commons made a most learned speech, and desired Mr. Speaker to purge the house of whoremakers and drunkards: up starts another member, and desired it also might be purged of scolds and knaves: and then, said he, I am confident you will have but a thin house.

259 A gentleman came to a widow's house, and she presented him with a cup of small beer; coming a week afterwards, saluted him with another cup of the same beer, sir, I dare not commend the beer to you, for indeed it is dead; to which

which he replied, that may very well be, for it was very weak when I was here !

260 A country fellow took his arms, and told his wife it was none of her business : why, says she, if a friend should come to a good estate of none of your own, would you be angry ? well, says he, I'd be 'tis a bastard for all that. Husband, says she, how strangely you talk ; *How can it be a bastard, when the father got it ?* that's true, indeed, now I am satisfied.

261 A brisk young sempstress having outwitted many an airy top, and sparkish gallant, was at last outwitted herself in this manner : a town-shift, in very good habit, coming into her shop, cheapened and bargained for a considerable parcel of linen ; and then pausing—said, oh ! I'd like to forget one thing, I want a shirt of the largest make ; it is not for myself, but for one as big again. She shewed him thereupon several ; but he complained they were too strait : and she then shewed another, which he seemed to like, saying, pray, madam, do me the favour to slip it over your own cloaths : which, to please and humour so good a customer, she did : then he turned her about to see how it sat, fastened privately the hinder lappets with two large pins, through all her cloaths to the hinder part of her smock then snatching the linen he had bargain'd for off the counter, out he ran, she thereupon followed him, crying, stop him ! stop him ! and hastily going to pull the shirt over her ears, as ashamed to pursue him in such a garment, *she with it drew up all her cloaths, and exposed her naked posteriors*

*terior to the public*; and so ran on, still pulling to get off the shirt; whilst some matrons, who supposed her to be mad, stopped her, sensible that she ought to be covered bebind; which gave the sharper an opportunity to run cleverly off with his booty.

262 Two going through *Cambridge-market*, one asked the price of 100 *Burham oylters*: his friend perfwuced him not to buy 'em, for they were too small; replied the other, there is not much los in that, for I have the more to the hundred.

263 Two citizens, passing through a country village, saw a very fair house not inhabited; says one, *If I had this house at London, it should not stand here so long empty.*

264 Mr. *Amner* hearing some gentlemen perfwucing one to go along with them into the water that could not swim, saith neighbours, says he, be ruled by me, never go into the water till you have learned to swim.

265 The same person would very often go to an alehouse, and called for a pot of ale with a little beer in it.

266 Some gentlemen being a drinking of ale together, one of them seeing Mr. *Amner* going by, requested him to come in and drink with them; a *Londner* being there (having his horse tied at the door) said to one of his friends, is this Mr. *Amner* that used to utter the bulls? I wish he do not make a bull of my horse; which he overhearing, said, *What a saucy fellow is this? you see, I no sooner turn my back but he abuses me to my face.*

267 A gentleman having a little study, and having some company in his chamber, which desired

sired to see it; he told them, in faith, gentlemen, if you all go in, it will not hold you.

268 Queen Elizabeth was naturally dilatory in suits; and the lord treasurer Burleigh being a wise man, and willing to feed her humour, would say to her, madam, you do well to let suitors wait, for, if you grant them speedily, they will come again the sooner.

269 *Augustus Cesar* would say, he wondered *Alexander* should fear to want work, having no more worlds to conquer: as if they were not as hard to keep as to conquer.

270 One who had always been very jocose in his life-time, when he lay on his death-bed, his clerk came and desired he would leave him a legacy; *Here*, said he, giving him a key, *in such a drawer, there is that will make you drink.* Not many hours after, he died, and the youth greedily opened the drawer found nought there but two red herrings.

271 The day proving very windy, whereon one was to perform a journey, who was scarce ever farther than the street he lived in, his friends dissuaded him, saying, the wind would be very troublesome to him, *Oh, let me alone, said he, I will ride out of the wind.*

272 A scholar meeting a poor ignorant peasant on the road, How far, friend, said he, is it to Cambridge? *By my faith, master, says the man, I do not know; but from Cambridge to this town, is counted seven miles.*

273 *Tom Holland*, quartered in Fleet-street, had raised his landlady's maid's belly, whose name was *Nell Cotton*, it was wittily said, *That he gave her*

a yard of Holland, she gave him an ell of Cotton ;  
an what harm was there in that ?

274 A simple peasant lying one night upon the ground, and finding it very uneasy, when he awaked in the morning, saw a feather under his head, Oh, said he, doth one feather cause me to be so uneasy ; how are they troubled that lie on a great many of them

275 Porters are esteemed as men well bred, for generally they are men of carriage.

276 A journeyman shoemaker having a kindness for his mistress, his master being out of town he importunes her to let him lie with her, but she said no, although but faintly. When night came he gets into his mistress's bed before she came, and draws the curtains close about him ; she not knowing any thing of him, undrest and gets into bed. Where being got, she felt something stir, Who is there ? said she. 'Tis I, mistress, says he, peace. O you damn'd rogue, you devil, you dog, how dare you offer such a thing ? Sirrah I will have you made an example. Well, well, says he, I am sorry I have offended you, don't be angry with me, and I will be gone. Nay, says she, you did not hear me bid you begone ; now you are here, you may stay ; but if ever you offer to do such another thing, I protest, as I am an honest woman, I will tell your master.

277 A dog lying under a table, the maid went to kick him out, and he did not stir ; if a body should kill this dog, says she, I believe he would not stir from this place.

278 One being invited to the funeral of a smith, and to express some dissembled grief, says he, the party

party deceased, our brother, was an honest blacksmith, and whereas other smiths pawn their tools, he kept his vice to his dying day.

279 A gentlewoman lov'd a doctor of physic, and to enjoy him, feign'd herself sick; the doctor being sent for in all haste, went up and stay'd with her an hour. When he came down, her husband ask'd him how she did? O, says he, she has had two such extreme fits, that if you had but seen one of them, it would have made your heart ake.

280 Says a lady to a nurse, that was sucking a child, Are you a dry nurse? No madam, says she, I am a wet nurse, else I could not suckle the child. Ay, but says the lady, my meaning was, whether you would drink. No too much, madam, says she, but a little when I am dry.

281 A man and his wife were chiding together, one advit'd them to agree as man and wife should do: Why, so we do, says he, for we are like a pack of cards, shuffle with one another all day long, but at night lie close together as friends.

282 A philosopher said, that men were guilty of many faults, but women were guilty of but too in all, that is naught in words and naught in deeds.

283 One said to a cobler, he believed he would not live long, because he worked so hard, and if he did not take advice, awl would not do, for he was pretty near his end.

284 A man owing money, his creditor clapt him into prison, of which he made great complaint, saying, that he had trouble enough to borrow it, and did not need be troubled to pay it again.

285 A woman burying her titth husband, a man was counting with his fingers how many she had ha' ; and he did, she made a hand of them all.

286 A gentleman said, no men lov'd and confid in their country so much as *thieves* ; because they durst put themselves upon it, although they were hang'd for't.

287 A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happen'd upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hayloft to lie in, and some fire to dry him ; the man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepte'd of it. In the morning, the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They ask'd him, what made him so merry about the mouth ? Why, says he, I can but think how sham'd the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a bed with my wife.

288 One Mr. *Man*, master of the ship called the *Moon*, used to be very familiar with a gentlewoman ; and her husband taxing her with another gentleman ; the swore she knew him no more than she did the *Man in the Moon*.

289 A man having a strong opinion that his wife had often cornuted him, for an experiment to find out the mystery, he cuts off the spurs of several young cocks, and with some soft wax, stuck one upon his forehead, and came to his wife ; look here thou naughty woman, said he, this is the fruit of your lewdness. You are an unworthy man, said she, I ne'er wronged you in my

my life. I have now prayed, says he, to *Jupiter*, that I may have so many horns as thou hast been false, and he has sent me one alredy. Nay, says she, if it be of *Jupiter*'s sending, 'tis in vain to dispute his register; I must confess, once I did transgress, but it was much against my inclination, with a lusty young groom, for which I ask your's and *Jupiter*'s pardon with all my heart. Then he clapt on another young horn, and tax'd her, further. Indeed, said she, I have a very frail memory, but I perceive *Jupiter* is much in the right, for I remeber another time, with one of the brewer's porter's. Well, said he, I will never leave praying to *Jupiter*, till I have compleated the number of all thy treasons, and I do already feel some more budding forth. Pray, husband, said she, let me beg of you upon my knees, leave troubling of *Jupiter*, for I know not, but if you continue praying, you may have horns all over.

290 An old gentleman being sick of an imposthume, and the servants expecting his death, took what they could and went away: an old *Ape* seeing what the rest did, found an old hat of his master's and seeing the rest of his servants bid him adieu, he put his hat off, and bow'd to him; at which the gentleman laughed so heartily that his imposthume broke, and he recovered.

291 A scholar blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off, says he, I see it's cold weather, for the nose of the bellows drops.

292 One that kept an inn to entertain thieves, and what they had stolen laid up for them, always had, as he call'd it, a snack out of it. At last, his

his house being misrusted 'twas searched, and he found to be an abettor, though not a robber, still he follow'd them for his snack ; so he and his two partners were condemned. As they were going to execution, one of the thieves laugh'd ; and being ask'd why he did so, he said, he could not otherwise chuse to see his land'ord come in for his snack.

293 A gentleman told a rumper, in waggery, that he had spoke something in the houte he would be questioned for. Sir, says he, I believe you mistake the man, for upon my faith, sir, I never spoke one word since I sat in the house ; only this, I told them the windows were broke, and it was requisite they should be mend-ed to keep the cold out.

294 When Oliver lay in state in Somerset-house, a great cavalier came to see the ceremony, and having viewed it well, said it was the most glorious sight he ever saw in his life, and pull'd out a piece of gold to give 'em : they told him no money was to be taken ; nay, gentlemen, says he, I am not only willing to give this piece now, but I would as freely have given five hundred of 'em, if I could have seen this sight twelve years ago.

295 A quaker, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes ; yea and nay went to him, and seeing he had never any dealings with him in his whole life : why, says the parson, it is for tythe ! says the quaker, I prithee friend, upon what account ? why, says the parson, for preach-ing in the church. Alas ! then, replied the qua-ker, I have nothing to do with paying thee ; for I come

come not there. Oh! but you might, says the parson, for the doors are always open at convenient times. And thereupon told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and nay thereupon shak'd his ears, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings: the parson upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded why he put such a disgrace upon him; and for what did he owe him the money? Truly, friend, replied the quaker, for trimming. For trimming, said the parson; Why I never was trimm'd by you in my life; Oh! but thou mightest have come and been trimm'd, if thou hadst been pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine.

296 One that had the looking after a chapel, gave a charge to the rest to let in none of the crowd before the great persons were come and seated; thereupon going to the vestry, and looking into the chapel, he espy'd a great many people; at which, being angry, he told one of the vergers, I am afraid you'll be turn'd out of your place, for you have fill'd the chapel full of people before any body comes in.

297 In the great rebellion, when the city of London had works cast about it; one said, the city would be much stronger, if the Thames run on the North side thereof: to which another replied, that might easily be done, it was but removing the city to the South side of the Thames.

298 One having been very extravagant, writ to his father for more money, and used all means, but nothing would prevail; at length he very ingeniously

geniously writ his father word he was dead, and desired him to send up money to pay for his burial.

299 Mr. *Ralph Amner*, the but-tp-aker, when he was sick, well, said he to his friends, when I am dead, let this be my epitaph: *Here lies honest Ralph, as dead as any man living.*

300 At another time, going through St. Clement's church-yard; *If I live and do well, says he, I'll be buried in this place.*

At another time, he with some of his friends being invited to the funeral of a gentleman not far from *Windsor*, whither coming and finding a house full of company, they were content to sit them down in an arbour; and having sat a considerable time after they had been served with rosemary and gloves, Mr. *Amner* went into the house to enquire how long it would be, before the corpse went to the church? But finding it already gone, he came hastily to his friends, saying to them, Come, come, what do you mean to stand sitting there? They are gone, (and pointing over the wall) shewing them the corpse and people in the next field, he said, do not you see? they are out of sight already.

301 One asked a scullion of a kitchen (who was very witty) how he came to have so much wit; he answered, why where should it be unless in the scull.

302 An old man being drunk, his son came to fetch him home: Sirrah, said he, that's long of your eyes, for if they were out, your head would be in the dark.

303 *Henry the fourth of France*, being given to the love of other women, besides his queen, was

was sharply reproved by a rich abbot his confessor; which the King seemed to take very well, and invited him that day to dine with him, where the abbot fed very heartily upon a dish of roast-ed partridges, which the King observing, asked him, why he did not eat of some other dishes which he thought better: the Abbot told the King, nothing could be better to him than roast-ed partridges, for it was his beloved dish above all others. The next day, the King caused the abbot to be arrested for high treason, and committed close prisoner to the *Bastile*, with a strict command to the keeper to let him have no meat but partridges; which at first pleased the abbot, but having been fed with nothing but that diet for a week together, he began to nauseate it: At eight day's end the King sent for him, under the pre-tence of examining him; and having urged him to a confession of the treason he charged him with, the abbot pleaded his innocence, and confessed nothing: Well, said the King, since you are so oblligate, you must e'en go to prison again: To which the abbot replied, I beseech your majesty, if I must still be confin'd, that I may be ordered some other diet. Why, what diet have you? said the King. Nothing, said the abbot, but partridges. Why, said the King, you told me that was the diet you lov'd above any thing in the world. 'Tis true, I do, says the abbot; but to be always fed with partridges, that makes me loath it, and desire other diet. Very well, replied the King, it is just so with me, my Lord, I love my Queen above all women in the world; but, my Lord, always the Queen, always the Queen, this is too tiresome,

tiresome, and makes me sometimes desire change of diet as well as you do; and so laughing at the abbot, set him again at liberty.

304 A man having a wry nose, one told him, he knew what his nose was made of, and what it was not made of. *Why*, said he, *how's that?* *Why*, says the other, 'tis not made of wheat, it's made o'wry.

305 Three citizens walking in the fields, one said, we should have a great year of black-berries; for, said he, the last week I plucked a handful of the fairest red black-berries that ever I saw. A second person laugh'd at him, saying, red black-berries is a *bull*. But the third person, with much gravity, justify'd what the former had said, and very fagely questions, are not black-berries alway red when they are green?

306 A man at Christmas drinking March beer, which was very mellow, complained of the newness of it, and said, surely this March beer can not be above six weeks old.

307 A gentleman being at a tavern, seeing a salt-cellar of foul salt, called very angrily to the drawer, and bid him bring up some fresh salt.

308 One seeing a very fat man pass by, said, *He never saw a larger man of his bigness in his life.*

309 A man and his wife were striving who should wear the breeches; in the mean time one knock'd at the door, the good man steps out to see who was there, and asked the party who he would speak withal; who answered, with the master of the house; stay, friend says he, but a little while, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the case is doubtful, So stepping in, his wife and he went

went to it again, who at last yields him the victory. Then he goes to the door, now, friend, said he, thou may'st speak with me, I am the master of the houte, but I could not tell thee so before, till my wife and I had decided the controversy.

310 One walking abroad in a clear moonshine night, said, it was as fine a night as a man should see in a Summer's day.

311 A fiddler was bragging what a chaste wife he had. Says a merchant, I'll lay my ship against thy fiddle, that I'll get her good will to lie with her; the wager was laid, and he had the hooly to try her; the fiddler at the same time at the window sung this song.

*If I don't, sweet-heart, hold out,  
Hold out but these two hours;  
If thou hold out, there is no doubt,  
But the ship and all is our's.*

Her ANSWER.

*Indeed, sweet Robin, I canna,  
He hath caught me about the middle;  
He hath me won, and thou art undone,  
Sweet Robin, thou hast lost thy fiddle.*

312 Some were living, in then a town in *Virg-*  
*folk*, they were all counted whores. A mad fel-  
low hearing them say so, presently swore he be-  
lieved it; for his mother and both his sisters were  
born there.

313 A *Welchman* seeing his master tearing  
some letters, pray, sir, give hur one, says he, no  
matter which, to send hur friends, for they have  
not heard from hur a great while.

314 A Puritan coming to a cheesemonger's shop to buy cheese, when he gave him a taste, he put his hat before a's eyes to say grace. Nay, says he, instead of tasting it, you intend to make a meal of it.

315 One that was troubled with a damnable shrew, would often wish her in Heaven; she in a great rage replied, she had rather see him hang by his feet.

316 A man was bragging, that he was promised a lease of the next house that fell; says another; had it been my case, I should rather have desired the lease of a house that stood.

317 A fariner, being rich, was knighted, his wife thereupon grew very fine. One said, that his worship was very much in fault for spoiling a good housewife to make a madame.

318 Sir Thomas Gardiner being chose Recorder of London, one said, that office was the most fitting for him of all others; no place in the kingdom being more full of ill weeds.

319 A gentleman having a very fat daughter, offer'd a great portion with her, says the other, sir, a quarter of her is enough for me; therefore, pray find out another husband for the rest.

320 A gentleman requested a thing of an unchaste woman. No, says she, had I a hundred, you should have none of 'em; Well, said he, I knew the time when you had but one thing, and you'd let a friend have it.

321 A citizen having new built his house, he was praising the conveniency of it, and how light it was, for, says he, the morning sun lies all day upon it.

322 A covetous man was used to promise much, and perform little; upon which, one said to him, by my troth, sir, you would be the finest man in the world, if purse-strings hung at your mouth.

323 A bishop having in a grave subje~~ct~~ of divinity, sprinkled many witty ornaments of learning, King James told him, they were like the blue, yellow and red flowers in corn, which made a pleasant shew, but hurt the corn.

324 I happen'd once, since great hoops were in fashion, to be at a christening, when a lady, who had more vivacity than discretion, began to carry a gentleman in company about the marriage of his friend, who, it seems was also a very little man. *Tis surprizing to me, says the lady, that Miss \*\*\* who we all know to be a girl of good sense, should ever think of such a diminutive animal; why, I could hide fifty of him under my petticoat.—Mastam, quoth the gentleman, I don't doubt but you have had an hundred there before now.*

325 A gentleman being in a crowd, a thief pick'd his pocket; his man being behind him (and he was a *Wideman*) drew out his knife, and cut the thief's ear off, and cry'd, give his master his purse, and his will give his ear again.

326 One was tried for having five wives at once, and four of them were proved he was lawfully married to: then the judge asked him, why he married so many? he said, 'twas only to make trial among so many to find one good one, with whom he might spend the rest of his life. Truly, says the judge, I am certain you'll find none such

such in this life, and therefore I shall take care, that you may go and seek one in another; and so condemn'd him.

327 King *Charles the Second*, and the Duke of *Ormond*, discoursing of the prettiest women of several countries, says the King to the Duke, my Lord, you have very pretty women in *Ireland*, but they have got great legs, *O, that's nothing, please you, my liege, we lay them aside.*

328 A gentleman, who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing: another asked him how he could digest his ten children. *Oh, Sir, replied the gentleman, I bring them up.*

329 A man, very rich, but very silly, was recommended to a gentleman as a good match for his daughter. *No no, said he, I would rather have a man without money, than money without a man.*

330 A deserter, just going to be turned off the ladder, gave a silver cup to a grey friar his confessor. *Jack Ketch, being vexed that he had given it to the friar, rather than to him, pray, father, said he to the religious, since you are paid for it, e'en hang him yourself.*

331 Socrates's friends being angry at a man who had not returned his civility, *why is argry*, said Socrates, *that this man is not as civil as I?*

332 A lady of pleasure having had five several copies of her picture drawn in miniature, how comes it, says a cavalier to the painter, *that this lady has so many of her pictures drawn? Tis, answered he, because her iniquities are multiplied.*

333 *Charles, King of Sweden*, a great enemy to the Jesuits, when he took any of their Colleges,

leges, would hang the old Jesuits, and send the young ones to his mines, saying, since they wrought so hard above ground, he would try how they could work under ground.

334 A physician, boasting his great knowledge in the profession, said, he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, *every likely doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally buried with their patients.*

335 Some gentlemen talking at a tavern about the criminals then under sentence of death; one of the company said, he believed such a one (mentioning his name) would get off, for the Presbyterian Clergy (he being of that sect) had made great interest to save him, upon which, a gentleman made answer, that he was excluded the *benefit of clergy*.

336 A collegian, famous for punning, was taken to task by one of the heads of the university, who told him, that his puns were a scandal to him, tho' ever so much *IN TEMPORE*. The punster replied, sir, my puns are all *EXTEMPORE*.

337 The French King having a lady in his private apartment, commanded that no one should enter till he had given orders for his being seen. An officer happened to come at that time with an express, was very importunate to be admitted; but being denied was obliged to wait till a lady in green had come out of the King's closet, soon after which he was introduced; and enquiring of his Majesty's welfare, the King told him he had been somewhat indisposed, but was then perfectly recovered. The officer replied, I believe

your Majesty was troubled with the green-fickness, for I saw it go out at the door.

335 One evening a friend going before him in the street, call'd him. A haughty young man, passing by at that time, ask'd what busyness he had to cry *hallo*, while he pass'd by. *D—n you*, says the Englishman, *what busyness had you to pass by, while I was calling hallo?*

339 The late Duke of Somerset, having presented one of the collegians with a collection of pictures, a gentleman very desirous to see them, and for that purpose, ask'd one of the collegians where they were: to which he replied (looking about and pointing) *some are set here, and some are set there*, but where they really are set, I know not.

340 The above gentleman talking of one Mr. Key, who was a very facetious person, liken'd him to one of the quarters of the world meaning *America*.

341 A little gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker; at last seeing a tall fellow coming by, begged him to do it for him; which (tho' very unwilling) he did, at the same time muttering, *Damn it, what are little fellows like you made for?* The other replied, to be waited on by tall ones like you.

342 A regent in the university of Cambridge being to preach the next day after his conunencement, chose this text out of Job? *We are but of yesterday and know nothing.* The sermon was diuided into two parts. 1. Our stanching, *yesterday*. 2. Our understanding, *we know nothing*.

344 At a flie-tay in Oxford, a Corrish man was brought in to wrestle with three Welshmen, one after another, and when he had wounded them all, he called out, as his part was, have you any more *Welshmen*? which words so exasperated a gentleman of *Jesus* college, that he stepped upon the stage, and threw the player in earnest.

344 In the year 1619, the new presider and fellows of *Magdalen* college, caused the picture of our Saviour to be taken down out of the window of their chapel (in which it is represented the day of judgment) but left the picture of the devil standing; whereupon a countryman seeing what had been done, said, blez uz, what a reformation is here; what! pull down God and set up the Devil. But this picture was again set up in 1675.

345 On the 25th of August, 1633, or much about that time, Dr. *Potter* presented one of his books to the King, entitled, *Charity Mikaken*. A prebendship of *Windsor* was design'd him for his respite, then likely to be void, by the pronounce of the bishop of *Gloucester* to *Hereford*. It was thought that Dr. *Hevelin* would have been the man, and many of his friends, especially *Adle*, Archdeacon of *York*, put him hard upon it; but it did not move him, only so far as to make this upon it, and so pass'd it by:

When *Potter* presented his dispoled was,

One asked me fadly how it came to pass.

*Potter* was afeare, and *Hevelin* was forlaken?

I answ'red, he was a — — — a — — — a — — —

But the Bishop of *Gloucester* (you know) was not removed, so the busyness ended.

346 *Bes Johnson*, after he had been created A. M. at *Oxford*, 1619, returned to *London*; but his friends being suspicious of it, would be often asking him, but are you, indeed, A. M. Yes, he replied, without question.

347 'Tis reported of one of the chaplains to the famous *Mitrose*, that being condemn'd in *Scotland* to die, for attending his master in some of his glorious exploits; and being upon the ladder, and ordered to let out a Psalm, expecting a reprieve, he named the 119th Psalm, (with which the officer attending the execution complied, the Scotch *Presbyterians* being great *Psalm* *fingers*) and 'twas well for him he did so; for they had sung it three parts through, before the reprieve came: Any other psalm would have hang'd him.

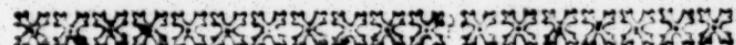
348 A poor cavalier corporal, being condemn'd to die, wrote this letter to his wife the day before he expected to suffer, thinking it would come to hand after his execution.

“ Dear Wife,

“ Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: This to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hang'd drawn and quarter'd. I died very patiently, and every body thought my ease very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

“ Yours, till Death, B. W.”

*The End of the Jests.*



R U L E S  
FOR THE  
TAVERN ACADEMY.

From the Latin of BEN JOHNSON, engraven in  
Marble over the Chimney in the *Apollo* of the  
*Old Drury Tavern*, at *Temple-Bar*; that being  
his Club-room.

**A**S it stand of our pleasure, let each pay his  
that,  
Except the chance friend by a member brought  
in.  
Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd* *fop* and the *sof*,  
For such have the plagues of good company  
been.  
Let the *Learn'd* and the *witty*, the *joyial* and *gay*,  
The *generous* and *honest* compose our *free state* ;  
*And the more to exalt our delight while we stay*,  
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.  
Let no scent offensive our chamber infest ;  
Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes ;  
Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,  
And the cook in his dressing comply with their  
wishes.  
Let's have no disturbance about taking places ;  
To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride ;

Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh  
glasses,  
And let them have eyes, tho' their tongues must  
be ty'd.  
Let our wings without mixture, or Rum be all  
fine,  
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle.  
Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,  
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.  
Let the contents be rather of books than of wine,  
Let the company neither be noisy nor mute.  
Let none of things serious, much less et divine,  
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.  
Let no fancy soldier presume to intrude,  
Unless he is sent for to mary our bliss.  
When mirth, wit and dancing, and singing conclude,  
To regale ev'ry sense, with delight in excess.  
Let railing be without malice or heat;  
Dull poems to read let none privilege take.  
Let no poetaster command or intreat  
Another extempore verses to make.  
Let argument bear no untruelish sound,  
Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve:  
For generous b' vers let a corner be found,  
Where they in soft sighs may their passion relieve.  
Let the old Lapithites, with the Goblers to fight,  
Our own 'mong offences unpardon'd will rank;  
Or breaking of windows or glasses for spight,  
And spoiling the goods for a rakelly prank.  
Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,  
Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine;  
Let the freedom we take be prevented by none,  
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

CONUN-

## CONUNDRUMS.

- 1 Why is a drunken man like *Wales*?
- 2 Why is *Temple-Bar* like an *organ*?
- 3 Why is a mad-man like two *men*?
- 4 Why is the gallows the *last refuge* of a condemned *man*?
- 5 Why does a dog turn round before he lays down?
- 6 Why is a tallow *candle* like *Peloponnesus*?
- 7 Why is a dancing master like a *tree*?
- 8 Why is a tavern like a *table*?
- 9 Why is a man with a bad memory like a *coyous* man?
- 10 Why is a key like an *hospital*?
- 11 Why is Lord *Sands* like the *Desarts* of *Arabia*?
- 12 Why is a man that is deceived like a girl in leading strings?
- 13 Why is a bitch that has puppies like the Father of Mankind?
- 14 Why is a condemned malefactor like the root of the tongue?
- 15 Why is a man that is delirious in a favour, like a burning *candle*?
- 16 Why is claret like an *oar*?
- 17 Why is a cane like *Sunday*?
- 18 Why is a difficulty overcome like a knight on horseback?
- 19 Why is a man that hinders another from killing himself, like one that permits him?
- 20 Wh

20 Why is a woman like a mathematician?

21 Why is a looking-glass like a philosopher?

22 Why is a woman on her wedding day like a woman in winter?

23 Why is a condemn'd malefactor like a canary?

24 Why is ere's head like a porter?

25 Why is a wench like a blind beggar?

26 Why is a man that is put to a nonplus like a woman in a garden?

27 What is a man like, that is in the midst of a great river and cannot swim?

28 Why is a skittish young horse like a coy young girl?

29 Why is a very censorious lady like a philosopher?

30 Why is a brewer's horse like a topster?

31 Why is a street robber like a woman that hath had several bairnes?

32 Why is a clear stream like a fine lady?

33 Why is a turn'd coat like the bottom of a privy?

34 Why is a hackney horse like scarlet?

35 What is a man like that is in the midst of a desert without meat or drink?

36 Why is a man that runs in debt like a watch?

37 Why is a neat prim lady like a book?

38 Why is a drunken man like one swimming?

39 Why is a red-hair'd lady like a band of soldiers?

40 Why is a man in a ship like a kitchen dresser?

41 Why

41 Why is a thing bought like an old mended shoe?

42 Why is the New-market like the admiral of a squadron?

43 Why is rotten cheese like a strong man?

44 Why is a man that lays wagers on a game, like a man that helps another to steal?

45 Why is a band of soldiers drawn up in battle array like a woman's bosom?

46 Why is a fisherman like a man who cuts his tradesman's bills off short?

47 Why is the seeing of a sign a manifest token of sight?

48 Why is a good picture like a quart of liquor?

49 Why should a taylor have all manner of filth and nastiness thrown on him?

50 Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?

51 Why is an empty playhouse like some fiddler's baskets?

52 Why is a poor man like a sempstress?

53 Why is a clergyman's head like a secret?

54 Why is a crown tooth like a thing forgot?

55 Why is *Richmond* like the letter R?

56 Why was the late duke of *Chandois* a man of military disposition?

57 Why are turn'd coats like sailors?

58 Why is a whoremaster like an *East-India* supercargo?

59 Why is a river like a sore dog?

60 Why are turnips like men and their wives?

61 Why are most pieces of villainy like a match?

62 Why is a man going to play like a sailor?

63 Why is an old ship like a vagabond?

64 Why is playing at fives like a raiſe, and red wine?

65 Why is a book like a tree?

66 Why is G———ly like a harness maker?

67 Why is a teſſer like a house full of scolds?

68 Why is a ſtallion like a māl-horſe?

69 Why is a ſtallion like a ſtall?

70 Why is a ſtallion like a bad pen?

71 Why is a ſtallion like an old man?

72 Why is a fine woman like a diamond?

73 Why are waſers like eggs?

74 Why are coals like a cow?

75 Why is Mrs. R———gton like a field of new hay?

76 Why is a man that has bee whip'd at the cart's tail like George's coffee-bouſe?

77 Why is an old woman gallanted by a young man like a laced handkerchiefe?

78 Why is a teller at the bank like a collier?

79 Why is a cook like a perſon in a vacation?

80 Why is a man on horseback like a fan?

81 Why is a lady in her ſhift like the plague?

82 Why is a perſon that refutes an-acock like a ſchool boy?

83 Why is a farmer in dry ſeaſon like the coun-teſſeſ?

84 Why are a pair of ſpectacles like the in-habitants of the part adjacant to Prague?

85 Why are illuminations like the lungs?

86 Why is a conforming conjurer like a coach-horſe?

87 Why is a fish-pond like a man's neck?

88 Why

88 Why are full playhousies like a shoemaker's shop?

89 Why is a slate horse heavy?

90 Why is a man losing his life for murder like a pond newly frozen?

91 Why is a jailor like a musician?

92 Why is a little girl in arms like a woman that comes before her time?

93 Why is money like a whip?

94 Why are there no women lawyers as well as men?

95 What old saying is that which women will not believe?

96 Why may we think a woman past recovery?

97 Why are women fitter for study of almanac than men?

98 What kind of a book may a man wish his wife were like?

99 Why are whoremasters said to be like serpents?

100 What kind of water is most deceitful?

101 What was the first game that was ever play'd at?

102 Why is it said, it is better to have a bad wife than a good one?

103 By what measure do women like to trade?

104 What may be said of women that marry young?

105 What creatures bear best?

106 Why are women the weaker vessels?

107 Why is it impossible to ravish some women?

108 What

108 What kind of jointers do women like best?

109 What kind of sickness are women most subject to?

110 What makes most women alike?

111 Why do women spit when men talk bawdy?

112 Why is a tea kettle and lamp like a Quaker?

113 Why is a picture like a member of parliament?

114 Why is a bad fire like an old maid?

115 Why is a woman in bed like 5<sup>th</sup> J.

116 Why is beau N——h like an old glove?

117 Why is a fash-window like a woman in labour?

118 Why is a sore leg like the Earl of Ch—r f—d?

119 Why is a beau like a buttock of beef?

120 Why is the King of *Perſia* like *Christmas*?

121 Why is Kitty's petticoats like a pack of cards?

122 Why is an apothecary like a woodcock?

123 Why is a f—t like a double entendre?

124 Why is a whore like an exciteman's book?

125 Why is an eye like a thief at the whipping-post?

126 Why is a wainscoted room like a reprieve?

127 Why are the remains of a leg of mutton like *Windsor*?

128 Why does an ox drivel?

129 Why is a button-hole like a cloudy day?

130 Why

130 Why is the house of C—ns like an ac-compt-book?

131 Why is going to play like last week?

132 Why is a bell like a lock?

133 Why is a pioneer like a ruler and pencil?

134 Why is an old man like a girl?

135 Why is an old man's young wife like an hot bun?

136 Why is a hoop of horse like a dead man?

137 Why is an organ like the new river head?

138 Why should you eat bread and butter with a caroty woman?

139 Why does a miller wear a white hat?

140 Why is a whore like a comet?

141 Why is your wig like a butcher's shop?

142 Why are widows fit for be-gars?

143 Why is a soldier like some doors?

144 Why is a faddle like a mule?

145 Why is a peevish man like a watch?

146 Why is a parish bell like a good story?

147 Why is a little man like a good book?

148 Why was Cain a good ringer?

149 Why is a sparrow like a man with one leg?

150 Why are the k—g's servants like ladies lap dogs?

151 Why is a crooked w—man like a country brown loaf?

152 Why is a lean man like a neck of mutton?

153 Why is a horse like a coy wench?

154 Why is a cribbage board like a new mar-ried lady?

155 Why is the weather-cock like the sea?

156 Why

156 Why is a *big* man like a fine gentleman?

157 Why is a *little* man like a man that can *scare*?

158 Why is a *pack* of *hounds* like a *pack* of *bad hounds*?

159 Why is a *dead* man like a *dead* man?

160 Why is a lady's *smock* like Dr. *Kirk*?

161 Why are *women* like *men*?

162 Why is a *man* in a *smock* like a lady's *smock*?

163 Why is a lady like a *log*?

164 Why is a *man* on a *gibbet* like a *watch*?

165 Why is a *pickpocket* like a *canal*?

166 Why is an *impudent* fellow like a *waterman*?

167 Why is an *axe* like a *dish* of *coffee*?

168 When has a *goose* the *most* *feathers* on?

169 Why is *Betty St—d* like some part of the *sea*?

170 Why is a *pretty* lady like an *oat cake*?

171 Why are the *Duchess* like the *Devil*?

172 Why do *ladies* wear *clogs*?

173 Why is *hope* like an *old* *thoe*?

174 Why are some *authors* and *booksellers* like *taijors*?

175 Why is the *fun* *fire-office* like an *impudent* fellow?

176 Why is C—P—'s *bubbles* like a *hat*?

177 Why is *Fulham Bridge* like the *house* of L—s?

178 Why is an *old* *woman* like a *chitterlin*?

179 Why is a *fortified* *town* like a *bed*?

180 Why is a *parasite* like a *pair* of *spectacles*?

181 Why

- 181 Why is a boasting fellow like a coach-whip?
- 182 Why is Parson Whitefield's gown like charity?
- 183 Why is a proud man like a candle?
- 184 Why is a fine girl like a highwayman?
- 185 Why is a quarrelsome man like a brawn?
- 186 Why is a cold like a tennis player?
- 187 Why is a drunken man and a dead man directly opposite?
- 188 Why is a fat man like a *Cornish* borough?
- 189 Why is your right hand like *Eve*?
- 190 Why is an impudent fellow like a trader?
- 191 Why is a man in debt like a misty morning?
- 192 Why is a poor poet like a ship just launch'd?
- 193 Why are some women holiday dames?
- 194 Why is a hackney coachman like a happy man?
- 195 Why is a wicked man like my Lord Mayor's coach?
- 196 Why is a nobleman like a book?
- 197 Why is a fire-shovel like a footman?
- 198 Why is a bunch of keys like a head of hair?
- 199 Why are sailors the happiest men?
- 200 Why is a lewd woman like a frosty morning?
- 201 Why is a false note like a bar of iron?
- 202 Why is the Archbishop of *Canterbury* like a weathercock?
- 203 Why is a blind man like a buttock of beef?
- 204 Why

204 Why is the post like a woman with child of a boy?

205 Why are whores like rogues?

206 Why is a crab-tree like the Duke of G—f  
t—n?

207 Why is a good cook like a woman of sa-  
tion?

208 Why is a poet like a cat?

209 Why is a thankful man like a good fire?

210 Why is a highwayman the most godly  
man?

211 Why is an organ like a church-steeple?

212 Why is a man who drinks wine in the  
morning like a rainy day?

213 Why shoulki footmen be very strong?

214 Why is a fireside the most learned place  
of the house?

215 Why is a contented cuckold like an af-  
fronted coward?

216 Why is a ship coming into a port like  
*Barbadoe*?

217 Why is a bad poet like a justice of peace?

218 Why is a first floor like a lie?

219 Why can no man say his time is his own?

220 Why is a perspective glafs like time?

221 Why is a cannon like a taylor?

222 Why is an arm'd soldier like a farmer's  
yard?

223 Why is the house of Lords like an or-  
chard?

224 Why is the court on a birth night like  
two women scolding?

225 Why are a bunch of keys like bells?

226 Why

226 Why is the history of *England* like a wet winter?

227 Why is Mr. *Handel* so much talked of?

228 Why is a good play like a ring of bells?

229 Why is a moon like a weather-cock?

230 Why is a bad shoemaker's shop like hell?

231 Why is a taylor like a sprout?

232 Why is *Ireland* like a bottle of wine?

233 Why is the house of lords a hungry place?

234 Why is a good sermon like a plumb-udging?

235 Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

236 Why is a silly fellow like a fleece of wool?

237 Why is a country justice like a change-broker?

238 Why is an opera like a pillory?

239 Why is a man that has taken physic like a whore?

240 Why is the plate like the meat upon it?

241 Why is a man fishing like a pair of trecches?

242 Why is a coward like a mouse-trap?

243 Why is my Lord Mayor like an almanack?

244 Why is a barrel of beer almost out like a country waggon?

245 Why may a man that takes snuff be called a coward?

246 Why are weak eyes like meat nicely drest?

247 Why are the good people of *England* like bottled beer in summer?

248 Why

248 Why is a good coach-horse like a good painter?

249 What is the best trade for a man to learn?

250 Why is Orator Henly like a pastry cook?

251 What trade is most common in London?

252 Why is the second horse in a race like the mainmast of a ship?

253 Why is a grave-digger like a waterman?

254 Why is a taylor like a lawyer?

255 Why is a man who improves his estate like an old coat?

256 Why is a drunken man like a pack horse?

257 Why is White's chocolate house like Hercules?

258 Why is a tavern-drawer like a partridge killed with a gun?

259 Why is smoke of tobacco like wine?

260 Why is a fine woman like a diamond ring?

261 Why is the court of justice like a tavern?

262 Why is the court like a pack of cards?

263 Why is a common whore like a squirrel?

264 Why is an old maid like a turn-sift?

265 Why is an house of office like a state employment?

266 Why is a fly like a pair of bellows?

267 Why is Mr. G——g like fine gold?

268 Why is a man like a melon?

269 Why is a conundrum like a parrot?

270 Why is a drunken man like a wheelbarrow?

271 Why is swearing like an old coat?

272 Why is the office of prime minister like a maypole?

273 Why

272 Why is a woman like a loose pair of breeches?

274 Why is a drunken man like a ship?

275 Why is a whore contrary to all other trades?

276 What's that which will be to-morrow and was yesterday?

277 Why is a pair of breeches like three feet of cloth?

278 What is that which God never sees, kings seldom see, but I often see?

279 Why is a kept maid like a dressing room?

280 When is a girl's nose taking mor'n?

281 Why is a beau like an apothecary?

282 What part of grammar is like a clap?

283 Why are conundrums like jesters?

284 Why is a count like a pedlar's pack?

285 Why is his Majesty often like a parson's horse?

286 Why is the countess of Y——, properly speaking, a minister of state?

287 Why does not V—— get more into his wife's coat?

288 Why is truth so hard to come at in the political world?

289 Why is trying an old maid to be avoided?

290 Why is a count like a lousy beggar?

291 Why is the Queen of Hungary the best park-keeper?

292 Why are some governments like a coach wheel?

293 Why do whores seldom play upon the square?

294 Why

294 Why are the good people of *England* like a lady in a moody air?

295 Why are grey hairs such a prejudice to the eyes of the knowing ladies?

296 Why does a certain old statesman's mistress shew no marks of the whip?

297 Why was Lady B—— so confounded at a bawdy thing slipping from her?

298 Why ought ladies that paint to be treated as pirates?

299 Why are the people of *England* never contented?

300 Why did Sir Thomas L—— take up with a negro girl the night his lady died?

301 Why are men's two favourite servants indecently marry upon some occasions?

302 Why are some great men so secure?

303 Why is there at present so great a call for men?

304 What would be a right noble fight?

305 Why is a coquet like amber?

306 When would a court be in a pitiful case?

307 Why is the nation like a privateer without his compliment?

308 Why is an ordinary face in a woman like the quarters of a ship stoutly fitted?

309 What does a woman delight to see out of her window?

310 Why is a boy on *Shrove-Tuesday* like a pretty girl?

311 Why is Fanny M—— like a serjeant at arms?

312 Why is beau N—— like my a— in a band-box?

313 Why

313 Why are most transactions like rose diamonds?

314 Why is an alderman on horseback a good lesson for riding?

315 When does a woman top her character?

316 Why are public offices like public roads?

317 Why is a brown girl often prefer'd to a fair one?

318 Why is *Betty S—* like *Hanover*?

319 Why are several members like Stepping-stones?

320 Why are *Sally Tuffnell's* eyes like the devil's?

321 Why is a whore like an inn-keeper?

322 Why are free masons like an old maid?

323 Why is *Mrs. Woffington* like the poet *Waller*?

324 Why are some great men like unfair traders?

325 Why is *Garrick* manly enough?

326 Why is *Quin* like *Solomon* dividing the child?

327 Why are thieves impertinent?

328 Why are many tradesmen like a toad?

329 Why are *Patty C——t's* breasts like a shrewish tongue?

330 Why are the beaus at once so light and heavy?

331 Why are girls in their teens like an old crazy ship?

332 Why are ships new clean'd like a beau on a birth day?

333 Why are the stocks like a paper kite?

334 Why are sleepy eyes like amber?

335 Why are some rich men like an old money chest?

336 Why have old women a smack of the golden age?

337 Why are B—ps with great propriety englided into overseers?

338 Why are fine horses like a good well?

339 Why should sailors be good economists?

340 Why is the plain reasoner like bottled small beer?

341 Why are women like a horse at rack and manger?

342 Why are some statesmen like a shirt?

343 Why are the people of *England* abuted?

344 Which is the wonderful plant?

345 Why is the count like a brewer?

346 Why are the countess like deer?

347 Why is a kept miss like a rudder?

348 Why is Lady *—* like the moon?

349 Why is *Betty St—* like a cistern?

350 Why are some patriots like *Nimble*?

351 Why was *England* in *Cromwell's* time like a horse?

352 Why is a yellow-hair'd girl like the Ship *Argos*?

353 Why have some staunch city gluttons no ears?

354 Why are the surgeons for taking the equinoctial?

355 Why is a sordid king like a papist?

356 Why is a gun like a woman?

357 Why are the *Dutch* like storks?

358 Why are *Rochester's* works like a chimney-sweeper?

359 Why

359 Why is the coalition like a dog half open?

360 Why are some princes that hire their troops like surgeons?

361 Why are some great men like glow-worms?

362 Why is a sot like a sleepless?

363 Why are men like stones?

364 Why are forward girls like a lucky merchant?

365 Why is a spendthrift like a squall?

366 Why is a girl like the first step towards a treasury?

367 Why is Lady L—— so easily penetrated?

368 Why may distillers be fat?

369 Why is a publican like a musician?

370 Why is *Britain* like a child?

371 Why is marriage like a curtain?

372 Why is opposition like a curb bridle?

373 Why is *Alley* like a lawyer above the world?

374 Why are rich men of these days miserable poor?

375 Why are brave men like sweetmeats?

376 Why are some men like the pack of *Dury*?

377 Why is a shepherd like a woman?

378 Why was Mr. Pope like a brick kettle?

379 Why is the Poet-Laureat like a martial king?

380 Where would you, pretty lady, clip your bands if a man came into the room when you was stark naked?

381 What is cried up most when least in favour?

382 Why do we buy new shoes?

383 Which is comparative best, a cup of purl or a mutton chop?

384 Which have the most legs a horse or no horse?

385 Which is best, a shoulder of mutton or Heaven?

386 Which is best, a ~~little~~<sup>ts</sup> fat pig or a fat little pig?

387 Which would be best, to have one's nose reach as far as one's sight, or one's sight reach no farther than one's nose?

388 Who was the first that bore arms?

389 What is that God never made, and commanded not to be made, and yet it was made, and has a soul to be saved?

390 Where was *Adam* going when he was in his 39th year?

391 Who was it that was begot before his father, born before his mother, and had the maidenhead of his grandmother?

392 When *Tobit* went out, his dog went with him? but he went neither before nor behind, nor of one tide: where then did he go?

393 Why are fish like gamesters?

394 Why are carriers and miners like wise men?

395 Why is a hat like a beau?

396 Why is a letter like the top of a room?

397 Why is a good orator like a seal?

398 Why is a good shilling like a running footman?

399 Why is debt like rain?

400 Why would cooks make good bowlers?

401 Why

401 Why are nuns like noblemen's servants?

402 Why is St. Thomas's Hospital like a wild rabbit?

403 Why is *Largford* the auctioneer like *Royfe's* wine-vault?

404 Why is *Christ-Church, Oxford*, like the walls of a fortitud town?

405 Why is an unmannerly fellow like a shelf with a hole up it?

406 Why would periuke makers be the best servants?

407 Why are sheep in a fold like a good history?

408 Why is going up a hill like granting a request?

409 Why is the City of *Bath* like a watch?





## A

COLLECTION  
OF  
RIDDLES.

1. **W**HEN virtue smil'd, and spread her purple wings,  
O'er senates' laws, and held the crowns of kings;  
How happy I! who by a just applause,  
Converted all to one essential cause,  
Bade merit rise, and held impartial sway,  
Till *Athens* fell: O black and awful day!  
Then lofty *Rome* to every virtue prone,  
To arts and arms with heighten'd lustre shone,  
Smil'd in the records of immortal fame,  
And rais'd a temple sacred to my name;  
Approv'd my worth, ador'd my tender care,  
And made me guardian of the charming fair.

2. **H**E who begot me did conceive me too,  
Within one month to a man's height I grew,  
And should I to an hundred years remain,  
I to my stature not one inch should gain.  
Number of brethren I have here on earth;  
And all like me of this surprizing birth.

Some

Some curious garment do their limbs adorn.  
And some as naked are as they were born.  
Yet both alike are cold, alike are warm.  
Some want an eye, and others have no feet.  
Some have no arms, others no legs ; and yet  
Most men esteem them equally with me,  
Tho' I, in all my limbs unblemish'd be.  
To sum up all as briefly as I can,  
I am man's offspring, tho' I'm not a man.

3. **A**T two days old good *Latin* I spake,  
Tho' for it I ne'er went to school :  
*Arms* I have four, which come out of my *buck*,  
And in yellow am dress'd like a fool.  
All men do me seek, tho' few can me get,  
When caught, I'm confin'd like a fish in a net.

4. **N**OR wings, nor feet, unto my shape have  
felli,  
Yet I in swiftnets do the best excel ;  
Arms I have none, nor weapons do I wear,  
And yet I daily wound the brave and fair :  
My name is odious both to friends and foes,  
Yet I'm admir'd by all the belles and beaux,  
And when my name's conceal'd I've many friends,  
The best men fear me, and his fault amends ;  
All wise men hate me, as their common foe,  
Take C from me, I keep you from the snow,  
Old maids caress me, for this world I hate,  
As it hates them, so we receive our fate.  
From these short hints, to tell my name's your  
task,  
That well perform'd, I've nothing more to ask.

5. WITH

5. **W**ITH me the dullett tools must surely  
thrive,

And fairly others of their right deprive;  
In different shapes and functions I appear;  
Always undaunted, tho' I'm most in fear;  
The son of gold, yet claim a nearer kin,  
T' a certain orator of *Lincoln's Inn*;  
A friend to vice, an open foe to truth;  
I'm old as time, tho' in the bloom of youth.

6. **L**EGS I have got, yet seldom walk,  
I back-bite all, yet never talk.

7. **I**N a place big enough for work or for play,  
A carpet was spread on a carpet of hay,  
Of neat morris dancers three hundred met on it,  
Now perhaps you'll expect a jig or a foquet;  
But, alas, of all those there was never a one  
Could whistle *Moll Pealy*, or sing *Bobbing Joan*;  
But yet notwithstanding they jigg'd it about,  
Each one in his turn, not a couple stood out:  
Next to these a great crew of sharp lads in their  
natures,

Stood as so many posts, or as idle spectators;  
No wonder that none of them join'd in the jig,  
Since, it seems, they were each of them ty'd by  
the leg,

No wonder that none of the others could sing,  
Since they danc'd all the time with their necks in  
a string.

8. **I**'M born in the woods, in the city I live,  
I'm us'd and abus'd, and ill language re-  
ceive;

My complexion's like wainscot, I've the face of  
a man,

In stature not low, yet my waist's but a span;  
I can't brag of my brains, but yet in my station,  
My head's of more use than half in the nation.

9. **L**ADIES, my name I pray explore,  
'Tis what of all things you adore:

I am no upstart come to earth,  
But with *Adam* took my birth:  
O'er learning's seat I do preside,  
And only with the male abide,  
To luxury I'm made a tool,  
My very name denotes a fool.

10. **B**Y nature I am black and blue,  
When wounded am as fair as you,  
I help the old, instruct the youth,  
In all the searches after truth.

A mighty drinker in his haste  
Sweeps o'er my face and lays me waste,  
And with a thousand mouths devours  
The labours of as many hours.

11. **T**HO' I stand still, yet oft I run apace,  
The loss of me is deem'd no small  
disgrace;

In foreign countries I'm with jewels dight,  
When old, by me you're help'd to better fight:  
To such degree confis'd to fight I stand,  
That I'm a proverb grown throughout the land.

12. There's

12. **T**Here's a being in nature as light as a feather,

As sickle as fortune, as uncertain as weather;  
Now cruel, then kind; now sweet, and then sour;  
Never wears the same humour or conduct an hour,

It's a lion, a lamb, an eagle, a dove;  
All fierceness, all tameness, all hate, or all love.  
It can swear and protest, tho' it's oath is so frail,  
That he who relies on't, has an eel by the tail.

13. **T**Here's a thing pretends to be wondrous wife,

Always meddling with what it pretends to despise,  
Now tawning, then railing, now whining, then cursing,

All flattery, all satyr, all honey, or a worse thing.

So odd are the whims of this wonderful creature,

That 'twould tempt one to think, it had more than one nature.

It's a sparrow, a tyger, a chicken, a kite;

And the time's once caught by to common a bite,

Her credulous folly in vain may bewail,

For she has to her grief, not an eel by the tail.

14. **C**different parts I'm made; one part of me,

Came from a woman, the other from a tree;

I'm of different sizes, yet 'tis strange,

My shape and my complexion never change;

My stations various are, some fine, some fair,

But others fitly, and offensive are;

Yet

Yet once ~~is~~ either fix'd, I constant prove,  
And rarely without violence I move,  
Unlets time makes me drop from what I love. }

15. **I**N marble walls, as white as milk,  
Lin'd with a skin as soft as silk,  
Within a fountain, crystal clear,  
A golden apple does appear.  
No doors there are to this strong hold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

16. **W**HAT fortune gives, I wear in state,  
A little thing does make me great;  
All admire me, when I wear it,  
Yet cares attend all that that bear it.

17. **I** View the world in little space,  
Am always rattlets changing place:  
No food I eat, but by my power  
Procure what millions do devour.

18. **I**-TSELF is a thing that *nothing* is,  
It's foolish, wan, woe, wifey;  
It hath no wings, nor eyes, nor ears,  
And yet it flies, it sees, it hears,  
It lives by lots, it feeds in loan,  
It dwells in woe, it loves not,  
Yet evermore this hungry elf  
Doth feed on nothing but itself.

19. **W**Hene'er I work, I'm always cloath'd,  
When idle, naked stand,  
And boldly, I may, if may lay,  
I'm useful to this land;

Naked,

**N**aked, 'tis true, I often am,  
But what will make you wonder.  
**I**'m often naked in winds and storms,  
In lightning and in thunder:  
**F**or, where I am, I'm doom'd to stand  
All sorts of storms and weather;  
**B**ut all I want of you's my name,  
For, faith, I don't mind either.

**20.** **T**HERE is a thing, which in the light  
Is seldom used but in the night,  
It serves the maiden female crew,  
The ladies and the good wives too;  
They use to take it in their hand,  
And then it will uprightly stand;  
And to a hole they it apply,  
Where by it's good-will it would dia.  
It spends, goes out, and fall within  
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

**21.** **O**F mirth, the parent, and the child of  
art,  
A stranger to myself in every part,  
*East-India* has a native in my breast,  
The *West* my softness, and my fire the *East*:  
While kinder climes my virtues to compleat,  
Quicken my mildness to correct my heat.  
Thus perfect, yet humility I show,  
The more I am admir'd the less I grow;  
My faithful friends upon my ruin thrive,  
And see me dying as they grow alive.

22. **E**RECT, delightful to be seen,  
 I stood, with youth and beauty crown'd,  
 'Till cruel foes with weapons keen,  
 First threw me prostrate on the ground,  
 There, as I wounded, helpless lay,  
 Rudely trod beneath their feet,  
 My colour chang'd, my strength decay'd,  
 My body burnt with scorching heat,  
 Yet, this with patience might be borne,  
 Did not (to aggravate my woes)  
 To female cruelty and scorn,  
 Th' insulting victors me expose.  
 But I'm by woman (Oh! disgrace!)  
 Woman, when bad, still worse than man,  
 Dragg'd i' th' teeth from place to place,  
 Ott rais'd, and ott thrown down again.  
 At length, like corfse in hearse convey'd,  
 My teatier'd parts away are sent;  
 Of which a stately pile being made,  
 Myself am my own monument:  
 Ponder this, then look on me,  
 And think on man's mortality.

23. **O**R ere bright Sol display'd his genial  
 flame,  
 I was created, and I had a name:  
 Aided by me, *Adam* with wondering eyes  
 Beheld the amazing scenes of *Paradise*,  
 Flowers, plants and trees, in grateful order rise;  
 By me toooth, all nature seems to mourn,  
 But meets with cheerful smiles my glad return,  
 Tho' made at first by the Almighty, free,  
 Kings have presumed to lay a tax on me:

**G** Through

Through all the world alternately I rove,  
 Through every city, town, or field, or grove;  
 The fair without me, would lose ev'ry grace,  
 Nor would one lover gaze up on her face:  
 Yet, soon as e'er the wil'd for knot is ty'd,  
 I strait grow tiresome to th' ungrateful bride.

24. **B**Y torture tho' extreme, I stronger  
 grow,  
 Yet death, of all mankind the common foe;  
 And some diseases work my overthrow:  
 Each night fair *Che* finds me in her bed;  
 And may Great *George* long find me in his head.  
 'Tis I that give the lover all his liffs,  
 When on his *Celia*'s lips he prints a kifs.  
 My brothers their set stations are align'd,  
 But I alone am free and unconfin'd:  
 Through all mankind in every part I rove,  
 They never travel from their native home.

25. **W**ithout my aid no nymph is truely fair,  
 Nor could you ever find a happy pair:  
 In ev'ry rebellions, me the head you'll find,  
 To murder, cruelty and rage inclin'd,  
 Yet, virtue's friends, all surely must agree,  
 Since ev'n religion's self must cease with me;  
 Thus you may see I'm not devoid of grace,  
 In heav'n, or hell, yet ne'er shall find a place:  
 Tho' in the center of the world I'm pent,  
 Tho' by my power subsists each element,  
 Tho' on my aid, myriads of the worlds depend,  
 Ladies you'll find me at your finger's end.

26. **F**ROM small beginning and extraction low,  
To wealth and plenty by degrees I rose ;  
All pleas'd to see me thrive, and greater grow,  
And none at first to my advancement foes.  
**A**t length rebellious slaves (who eat my bread)  
Bound and convey'd me to my native soil,  
Then leaving me with blows and bruises dead,  
Of all my treasure rudely did me spoil.  
Such my hard fate, till some ingenious friend,  
Kindly contriv'd to raise me once again,  
And did both pains and skill to fit me lend,  
For the high office which I now sustain.  
Have you not seen the glitt'ring helmet ward,  
From the brave warrior's head the hostile blow ?  
'T is mine like that, the fair, from him to guard ;  
Who is, and ever will be beauties foe.  
This task their favours gratefully requite,  
Gay silks and ribbands of their gift I wear,  
And when clear skies to pleasant walks invite  
I still am call'd for to attend the fair.

27. **W**ithout edge it cuts, without tongue it  
sings ;  
Foams without anger ; and flies without wings.

28. **I**N shaping me both sexes join,  
Who must in fit embraces twine,  
And grow with mutual motions warm,  
Ere they complete my mystic form ;  
I please (tho' from the country sprung)  
The city and the country throng,  
I oft promote the balmy kiss,  
And music heightens much the bliss.

By me engag'd you ne'er can dose,  
 Yet I procure the soft repose ;  
 And (which encreases more your mirth)  
 Both sexes labour at my birth.

29. **T**HAT which has human kind must be  
 in death,

Gives me my being with one hasty breath ;  
 Me you may hear or touch, but scarce can see,  
 Yet half your life see nothing without me.

30. **W**HAT's that in which good house-wives  
 take delight ?

Which though it has no legs, will stand upright !  
 'Tis often us'd, both sexes must agree,  
 Beneath the navel, yet above the knee.  
 At the end it has a hole ; 'tis fluff and strong,  
 Thick as a maiden's wrist, and pretty long.  
 To a soft place 'tis very oft apply'd,  
 And make the thing its us'd to fill more wide.  
 The women love to wriggle it too and fro,  
 That what lies under may the wider grow.  
 By giddy sluts sometimes it is abus'd,  
 But by good housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,  
 That it might fitter for the purpose be,  
 When they to occupy the same are free.  
 Now tell me, merry ladies, if you can,  
 What this must be that is no part of man.

R E B U S S E S.

1. **W**HAT encloses a plat, as I wish her dear  
    arms,  
Had my body encompas'd, with nightingale's  
    charms,  
And the leg of an hog, gives my dearest her name,  
Her beauties so great set my heart on a flame.

2. **T**AKE the devil's short name,  
    And much more than a yard,  
You have the name of the dame  
    I shall ever regard.

3. **T**HE greatest noise on Sundays made  
    Tell us her name in masquerade,  
Whom I must kis——or be a shade.

4. **O**NE of the softest things of nature,  
    Bearth the name of my dear creature.

5. **A**FAMOUS old man of time,  
    And his children the males of his line  
Give the name of my beauty divine.

6. **A**PICLE of excellent growth,  
    And to \* *fin* against the truth,  
Tell the name of a virgin of beauty and youth.

7. **T**HE pleasure of the sportman's chace,  
    The pledge in matrimonial case,  
With twenty hundred weight beside,  
Name her I wish to make my bride.

G 3

8. What

\* i. e. To err.

8. **W**HAT gives the pleasant mead its grace,  
What spreads at spring earth's smiling  
face,

What jolly hunters chuse to wear,  
Gives name to her white chains I bear.

9. **T**HAT of the pretty feather'd race,  
Which most do courtly tables grace,  
And o'er the mountains bends it's flight,  
Or lurks in fields with harvest bright,  
For white destruction men with care,  
The noblest canine breed prepare,  
Bestows a name on that fair maid,  
Whose eyes to love my heart betray'd.

10. **T**HAT is a sweet thing, if you could it  
obtain,

Would refresh you and make you forget ev'ry  
pain,

Restore your lost spirits, dispel all your fears,  
Your sorrows divert, and dry up your tears,  
If you guess what it is, you will then know the  
dame.

Who, tho' colder than ice, can make all others  
flame.

11. **W**HAT's done when we buy, and done  
when we play,

Is the name of a lady that's sprightly and gay.

12. **T**HE *Irish* have a certain root,

**T**Our parsnip's very like unto it,  
Which eats with butter wond'rous well,  
And, like potatoes, makes a meal.

Now from this root there comes a name,  
Which own'd is by the beauteous dame,  
Who sways the heart of him who rules  
A mighty herd of knaves and fools.

13. **T**HE court of love's assembled here ;  
"Tis *Venus* queen of beauty's sphere,  
In all her charms she stands confest,  
And rules supreme the noblest breast.  
Ye shepherds, would ye learn the name,  
Of her who spreads to vait a flame,  
Know that 'tis bid from the prophane,  
And that your driest search is *vain*.

14. **W**HAT no man does twice, and what  
guards us from thives,  
What a lady for breakfast in a morning receives ;  
If spelling not true, you'll now kindly excuse,  
Is a fine lady's name, who her pleasure pursues.

15. **T**HE sea port of *Dublin*, and the hero's  
name,

Is the name of a peer, whom all must admire.

16. **W**HAT death puts us all on, and heirs  
that are male,  
Is the name of a smart whose father sold ale.

17. **W**HAT Cocker first teaches ingenious  
was he,

What I call myself, and my father calls me,

Is the name of a man vers'd in poetry.

18. **T**HE mate of a cock, and the forerun-  
ner of wheat,

The grace of a cat and the house of a hermit,

Is the name of a man who was in music con-  
plete.

19. **T**HE king and the prince,  
And what points out time,  
With the measure of cloth,  
Is a man's name sublime,  
And famed through out the harmonious throng,  
For notes melodious, and the tuneful song.

20. **W**HAT in man is a grace, and in a woman a joke,  
Or what foreigners swear by when wrath does provoke:  
Or when remov'd, is wash'd and clean'd after,  
Is the name of a man who has won a lord's daughter.

## A KEY to the CONUNDRUMS,

- 1 BECAUSE he is rocky.
- 2 Because it is full of stops.
- 3 Because he is a man besides himself.
- 4 Because he has nothing else to depend upon.
- 5 Because he goes about to lie down.
- 6 Because it is part of *Greece*.
- 7 Because he is full of bows,
- 8 Because it has drawers in it.
- 9 Because he is for-getting.
- 10 Because it has wards in it.
- 11 Because he is *Baron Sands*.
- 12 Because she is missled.
- 13 Because she is a dam.
- 14 Because he is down in the mouth.
- 15 Because he is light-headed..
- 16 Because it binds.
- 17 Because it hangs on a man's hands.
- 18 Because it is fur-mounted.
- 19 Because he lets him.
- 20 Because she endeavours to find out the longitude.
- 21 Because it reflects.
- 22 Because she is mi-taken.
- 23 Because he's cast.
- 24 Because generally within call.
- 25 Because it is cur-led.
- 26 Because he is gravelled.
- 27 Like to be drowned.
- 28 Because he is loath to be mounted.

- 29 Because she is full of reflection.
- 30 Because he draws drink.
- 31 Because he deals in by-blows.
- 32 Because it reflects.
- 33 Because it is alter'd.
- 34 Because it is hi-red.
- 35 Like to be starved.
- 36 Because he goes a tick.
- 37 Because she's in print.
- 38 Because he's in liquor.
- 39 Because she bears firelocks.
- 40 Because he is aboard.
- 41 Because it is sold.
- 42 Because it is in the *Fleet*.
- 43 Because it is mitey.
- 44 Because he is abetting.
- 45 Because they are a *break*.
- 46 Because he baits much,
- 47 Because it is a sign you see.
- 48 Because it is a good draft.
- 49 Because he is a common sewer.
- 50 Because it is in sheets.
- 51 Because it is full of place.
- 52 Because he makes shifts.
- 53 Because it is under the rose.
- 54 Because it is out of the head.
- 55 Because it is beyond *Kew*.
- 56 Because he delighted much in *cannons*.
- 57 Because usually press'd.
- 58 Because he goes often to *Bom-bay*.
- 59 Because it runs.
- 60 Because they are pared.
- 61 Because they are brought to light.
- 62 Because he goes to see.

- 63 Because it ought to be put in the stocks.
- 64 Because it is a sport.
- 65 Because it is full of leaves.
- 66 Because he deals in reigns.
- 67 Because there is many rackets, in it.
- 68 Because he goes his rounds.
- 69 Because it is red.
- 70 Because he wants mending.
- 71 Because it is a man aged.
- 72 Because she is a jewel.
- 73 Because they are laid.
- 74 Because they are fack'd.
- 75 Because she is tos'd about, by the rakes.
- 76 Because he is full of smarts.
- 77 Because she is so-laced.
- 78 Because he handles the coal.
- 79 Because she spits much.
- 80 Because he is mounted.
- 81 Because she is in Holland.
- 82 Because he declines *Hoc.*
- 83 Because he is for-rain.
- 84 Because they are for aged people.
- 85 Because they are lights.
- 86 Because he submits to the reign.
- 87 Because it should be stock'd.
- 88 Because it is full of souls.
- 89 Because he is led.
- 90 Because it's but just-ice.
- 91 Because he fingers the keys.
- 92 Because she is miss-carried.
- 93 Because it makes the mare to go.
- 94 Because they would lay their *causes* too open.
- 95 Short and sweet.
- 96 When she is speechless.

97 Because

120      *Ben Johnson's JESTS.*

97 Because they lie more on their backs.  
98 An almanack; for then he might have a new  
    one every year.  
99 Because they creep so much into coney-holes.  
100 Women's tears.  
101 Child getting.  
102 Because she brings repentance, and puts one  
    in mind of hell.  
103 The yard.  
104 That they begin to take upon them betimes.  
105 Affes and women.  
106 Because they are the soonest crack'd.  
107 Because they are willing.  
108 Body to body.  
109 The falling.  
110 The dark.  
111 Because it makes their mouth water.  
112 Because it is moved by the spirit.  
113 Because it is a representative.  
114 Because it wants poking at the bottom.  
115 Because she is under the tester.  
116 Because he has no fellow.  
117 Because it is full of pains.  
118 Because it is full of humour.  
119 Because he is powdered.  
120 Because he is an enemy to Turkey.  
121 Because they are often turned up.  
122 Because he has a long bill.  
123 Because it is taken in two senscs.  
124 Because she is often enter'd.  
125 Because it is under the lash.  
126 Because it saves hanging.  
127 Because it is near eaton.  
128 Because he can't spit.

129 Because

- 129 Because it is over cast.
- 130 Because there are many cyphers in it.
- 131 Because it is past-time.
- 132 Because it has a spring.
- 133 Because he draws lines.
- 134 Because he is bald.
- 135 Because she wants to be well butter'd.
- 136 Because it is a corps.
- 137 Because it is full of pipes.
- 138 Because she is redish.
- 139 To cover his head.
- 140 Because she has a firy tail.
- 141 Because there is a calf's head in it.
- 142 Because they are relicts.
- 143 Because he is listed.
- 144 Because it is between an horse and an a—se
- 145 Because he is often wound up.
- 146 Because it is often toll'd.
- 147 Because he often took'd over.
- 148 Because he was master of *A-beL*
- 149 Because it hops.
- 150 Because they are seldom paid.
- 151 Because the is made a-wry.
- 152 Because he is craggy.
- 153 Because he'll say nothing but neigh.
- 154 Because it is pegg'd up and down.
- 155 Because it waves.
- 156 Because she shews her breeding.
- 157 Because he is not so light.
- 158 Because they are sad dogs.
- 159 Because he is stiff.
- 160 Because he is often in a mob.
- 161 Because they go with a hoop and a hollow.
- 162 Because he is ruffled.

163 Because

122 *Ben Johnson's JESTS.*

163 Because she is hoop'd.  
164 Because he hangs in chains.  
165 Because he is often dipt.  
166 Because he often pulls in his ear.  
167 Because it should be ground before it is used.  
168 When the gander's upon her.  
169 Because she is not easily fathom'd.  
170 Because she is often toasted.  
171 Because they are damned.  
172 To save their tou's.  
173 Because it makes people easy.  
174 Because they commit piracy.  
175 Because it deals in assurance.  
176 Because they are often felt.  
177 Because there are wooden piers under it.  
178 Because she is shrivell'd.  
179 Because there are curtains round it.  
180 Because he magnifies small things.  
181 Because he often cracks.  
182 Because it covers a multitude of sins.  
183 Because it is often snuff'd.  
184 Because she makes a man stand.  
185 Because he is often collar'd.  
186 Because she loves bawling.  
187 Because one carries his beer, and the other  
the bier carries him.  
188 Because he seldom sees his member.  
189 Because he bears a cane.  
190 Because he has a good stock.  
191 Because he is full of dues.  
192 Because he wants rigging.  
193 Because their names are *Ether*.  
194 Because he has always his fare.  
195 Because he is all guilt.

196 Because

- 196 Because he has a title.
- 197 Because it belongs to the grate.
- 198 Because it has locks belonging to it.
- 199 Because they come to Haven before they die.
- 200 Because she is whory.
- 201 Because it is forged.
- 202 Because he is at the head of the church.
- 203 Because he is boy-led.
- 204 Because he bears a mail.
- 205 Because they are both common.
- 206 Because it is like to graft on.
- 207 Because she dresses well.
- 208 Because of his muse.
- 209 Because he is grateful.
- 210 Because he lives by preying.
- 211 Because we have a peal from it.
- 212 Because he whets.
- 213 Because they carry messages.
- 214 Because its the place of the tongs.
- 215 Because they pocket their shame.
- 216 Because it is a nigh-land.
- 217 Because he writes wrong.
- 218 Because it is a story rais'd.
- 219 Because tis hours.
- 220 Because it brings distant things near.
- 221 Because it makes breaches.
- 222 Because he is full accountred.
- 223 Because there is peers and apples in it.
- 224 Because there is a great ball.
- 225 Because they are ringed.
- 226 Because it is full of reigns.
- 227 Because he is a man of note.
- 228 Because it has clappers.
- 229 Because it often changes.

230 Because

124 *Ben Jonson's JESTS.*

230 Because there are bad souls in it.  
231 Because he will cabbage.  
232 Because there's cork in it.  
233 Because they have no commons.  
234 Because there is realons in it.  
235 Because it wants mending.  
236 Because he is soty.  
237 Because he deals in stocks.  
238 Because it holds up by the ears.  
239 Because he is loose.  
240 Because 'tis eat on.  
241 Because he has a line-in.  
242 Because he is pusillanimous.  
243 Because he serves but a year.  
244 Because 'tis tilted.  
245 Because he often puts up a box.  
246 Because they are full of gravey.  
247 Because they are apt to be upon the fret.  
248 Because he draws well.  
249 To learn to die well.  
250 Because he deals in puffs.  
251 Shift-makers; or, perhaps the oide trade of  
    bisket-making.  
252 Because he is next the foremost (foremast.)  
253 Because he handles sculls.  
254 Because he deals in suits.  
255 Because his rents increase.  
256 Because he has got his load.  
257 Because it has a great club.  
258 Because he receives the shot.  
259 Because it comes out of the pipe.  
260 Because she is surrounded with sparks.  
261 Because there is a bar to it.  
262 Because there are knaves in it.

263 Because

263 Because she covers her back with her tail.  
264 Because she stands in every body's way, and  
    stops no body.  
265 Because people go into it to ease themselves.  
266 Because it blows.  
267 Because he is often beat.  
268 Because best rais'd in a hot-bed.  
269 Because far fetch'd and full of nonsense.  
270 Because his head turns round.  
271 Because 'tis a bad habit.  
272 Because it is a high post.  
273 Because he has drawers under him.  
274 Because he is top-heavy, and easily overthrown.  
275 Because she sets up without credit, and too  
    much business breaks her.  
276 To-day.  
277 Because they contain a yard.  
278 An equal.  
279 Because of her toilet.  
280 When she is prick'd forward.  
281 Because of his glister.  
282 The sin-tax.  
283 Because they are stained.  
284 Because its toys and trumpery are hawked  
    about.  
285 Because minister-ridden.  
286 Because she acts immediately under his M—  
287 Because he does not get more into her body.  
288 Because probability no longer keeps the doors.  
289 Because it is so foolish to go without one's  
    errand.  
290 Because it crawls with vermin.  
291 Because she'll not trust her deer out of her  
    sight.

292 Because

126 Ben Johnson's JESTS.

292 Because they are composed of wooden fellows.

293 Because they rarely play metal to metal.

294 Because they are extremely low-spirited.

295 Because when it snows on the hills, it is generally bitter cold in the vallies.

296 Because she is only tickled with a fox's tail.

297 Because it was no sooner out, than she whipp'd it in again.

298 Because they attack under false colours.

299 Because they are never satisfied.

300 Because he made haste to put his late wife's most fair white servant in mourning.

301 Because when the master is in prison the rogues are a dancing at the door.

302 Because they can neither fall nor be abused.

303 Because the women join in the national demand.

304 The royal sovereign at anchor in *Yarmouth* road.

305 Because she attracts feathers and light trash.

306 When it is in a cage

307 Because he is miserably mann'd.

308 Because the upper parts defend the hatches.

309 A yard at her fore door.

310 Because he no sooner sets a cock up than down with him.

311 Because he takes unruly members into custody.

312 Because he is a droll sight.

313 Because they present several faces.

314 Because sad examples seldom fail to move.

315 When she plays the devil.

316 Because they are pestered with turnpikes.

317 Because

317 Because she is dough-like, and better baked.  
318 Because she is sandy, and affords innumerable turn-ups.  
319 Because they are laid over a dirty causeway.  
320 Because they are as black, and full of mischief.  
321 Because she keeps a stable for any to set up their horses in.  
322 Because their joke is stale.  
323 Because she catched at love, and filled her arms with bays.  
324 Because they protested their own bills, and made no return for goods on trust.  
325 Because he does not act a-miss.  
326 Because he divides the town.  
327 Because they meddle with that which does not concern them.  
328 Because they break with over-swelling.  
329 Because they most are intolerably provoking.  
330 Because they are feathers and lead.  
331 Because they are fit to break up.  
332 Because they have a new coat.  
333 Because they are raised, lowered, or, kept up by wind.  
334 Because they draw straws. [value.  
335 Because the money they contain is all their.  
336 Because acorns are primitive fruit, they still delight too much.  
337 Because they overlook their flocks, and especially themselves.  
338 Because of their delicious spring.  
339 Because minding the main chance is all they have for it.  
340 Because he is pert.

341 Because they are in stable.

342 Because when they are foul they are lye-wash'd.

343 Because they are mis-represented.

344 That which grows in the hand.

345 Because it is over-shaded with creepers.

346 Because they fawn, and feed groviling.

347 Because she is her rake.

348 Because she has several faces.

349 Because she weeds, if not rightly plugg'd.

350 Because they trifle away their victory.

351 Because it was bed-rid by men.

352 Because she bears the Golden Fleece.

353 Because they are all belly.

354 Because they would distress the whole.

355 Because he inclines to mats.

356 Because it has an apron over the touchhole.

357 Because they take care of their dams.

358 Because they are finnity.

359 Because it is a jar.

360 Because they are blood-letters

361 Because it must be dark indeed when they shine.

362 Because the belles hang upon him.

363 Because they often pro-pa-gate.

364 Because their commodities have an early vent.

365 Because he bounces, runs speedily to the end of his life, and goes out with a stink.

366 Because the overrun is made before the material point is entered into.

367 Because the is rather too open.

368 Because the *British* spirits are going quite out.

369 Because his works are in score.

370 Because every rattle amuses and diverts it.

371 Because it often serves for a blind.

372 Because it corrects and reigns in a head-strong horse.

373 Because it dares to defend a good cause.

374 Because they don't know how to live.

375 Because they can-dy.

376 Because of their dirty shifts and no character.

377 Because of his pintold.

378 Because he was coily'd.

379 Because he exposes his subjects.

380 On the man's eyes.

381 Almanacks.

382 Because no body will give them us.

383 A mutton-chop; because a cup of purl is but a tup, and a mutton-chop is a tupper. Or, a cup of purl; because a mutton-chop is but a *bis*, and a cup of purl is *bit-ter*.

384 No horse; for a horse has but four legs, and no horse has five legs.

385 A shoulder of mutton; for nothing is better than Heaven, and a shoulder of mutton is better than nothing.

386 A fat little pig is better than a little fat pig, or a pig with little fat.

387 Choose which you will, you would no sooner see a Sir R-r-e, but your nose would be in it.

388 Adam.

389 A cuckold.

390 Into his 40th year.

391 Cain.

392 On the other side.

393 Because

130 *Ben Johnson's JESTS.*

393 Because they feed upon one another.

394 Because they will meddle with nothing,  
without knowing of what moment and  
weight it is.

395 Because it is dress'd.

396 Because it is seal'd (ceil'd.)

397 Because he makes a great impression.

398 Because it is current.

399 Because it is due (dew.)

400 Because they're often neareſt the Jack.

401 Because they have large vails (veils.)

402 Because it's in the borough (burrow.)

403 Because he's a great feller (cellar.)

404 Because it has canons.

405 Because he is underbred (underbread.)

406 Because they're ready at a call (caul.)

407 Because they're well pern'd.

408 Because it is an affent (ascent.)

409 Because it depends upon the tpring.

ANSWERS

ANSWERS to the RIDDLES.

1 <b>W</b> ISDOM.	16 A crown on a king's
2 A Picture.	17 The Sun. [head.
3 A Guinea.	18 The Mind.
4 Scandal.	19 A Wind mill.
5 Indulgence.	20 A Candle.
6 A Flea.	21 A Bowl of Punch.
7 Making Ribbon-lace.	22 Hay.
8 A Block.	23 Light.
9 A Comb.	24 Feeling.
10 A Seat and Spunge.	25 The letter R.
11 A Nose.	26 A Straw-hat.
12 A Quiet.	27 Bottled Ale.
13 A Fop.	28 Country Dancing.
14 A Patch.	29 Glass.
15 An Egg.	30 A Rowling-pin.

SOLUTIONS to the REBUSSES.

1 <b>M</b> ISS Wall-sing- ham.
2 Miss Nick-ells.
3 Miss Pell.
4 Miss Cotton.
5 Miss Par-fons.
6 Miss Olin-er.
7 Miss Harrington.
8 Miss Green.
9 Miss Partridge.
10 Miss Knap.

11 Miss Sell-win.
12 Miss <del>sk</del> at Tunbridge.
13 Miss Vane.
14 Miss Di—E—try.
15 Earl of Chesterfield.
16 Mr. Parsons
17 Mr. Add-i-son.
18 Mr. Henry Pur-cell.
19 Mr. G. Fred Handel.
20 Mr. Beard.

EPIGRAMS.

Epigrams, Epitaphs, Tales, Fables, &c.

E P I G R A M S,  
EPIPARHS, TALES, FABLES, &c.

*The Complaint. By a young Lady.*

CUSTOM, alas, does partial prove,  
Nor gives us even measure;  
A pain it is to maids in love,  
But 'tis to men a pleasure.  
They freely can their thoughts disclose,  
But ours must burn within:  
We have got eyes and tongues in vain,  
And truth from us is sin.  
Men to new joys and conquests fly,  
And yet no hazard run;  
Poor we are left, if we deny,  
And if we yield undone.  
Then equal laws let custom find,  
Nor thus the fox oppress;  
More freedom grant to woman kind,  
Or give to mankind less.

*A Description of the Morning. By Dr. Swift.*

NOW hardly here and there an hackney  
coach  
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach:  
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,  
And faintly stole to discompose her own;

The

The shipshod 'prentice from his master's door  
Had paid the dirt and painted round the floor.  
Now *Moll* had whipp'd her mop with dexterous  
air,

Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth with broomy thumbs, began to trace  
The ker-chidge, where wheels had worn the  
place.

The small coal man was heard with cadence  
deep,

Till drown'd by shriller notes of chimney-sweep.

Duns at his Lordship's door began to meet.

And brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half the  
street.

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out - nights to eat for fees.

The watchful bailiffs tak' their silent stands,

And school boys lag with fletchers in their hands.

*To Mr. C——, on his complaining of a scolding  
Wife.*

**S**IR be content, let this your hopes uphold,  
*Venus* was but a queen, *Juno* a scold.

*Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.*

**I**F you, fair *Sylvia*, hope the gods will hear,  
And kindly give admission to your pray'r;  
Then you, like them, must with compassion move,  
And not be cruel to an ardent love;  
Which your bright eyes did in my breast inspire,  
And none but you can quench the amorous fire.

To Butcher GOFFE, extempore.

**I** Find, old friend, I am mistaken——

Pray where's the flitch of well-dry'd bacon,  
Thou saidst thou would transmifit to me,  
By thy own waggon, carriage-free?  
I tell thee thou dost seem affraid.  
As if thou never should'st be paid.

Of shillings twelve, the sum, 'tis true,  
Already is thy lawful due;  
And thou art sensible, twelve more  
Exactly make a pound and four;  
That sum I promise thee to pay,  
Against the latter end of May,  
Or if it can't be quite so soon,  
Thou shalt be sure to ha't in June.  
Then prithee send it in a trice,  
To thy obedient slave.

H. Price.

Receiv'd this money of the Poet,  
Witness my hand, that all may know it.

WILL. GOFFE.

On an Officer's making his Escape from a Highwayman, who was afterwards shot dead by a Physician he likewise attempted to rob.

**W**HO wonders that the captain run,  
From the rogue who'd fain have stopt  
him!

Who that the doctor, sure as a gun,  
Coming soon after, dropt him;  
Commend the latter if you will,  
But pray the former spare,  
Since soldiers now arn't us'd to kill,  
And the physicians are.

Wrote

*Wrote in a Prayer Book belonging to one of the  
Maids of Honour. By Dr. Swift.*

**W**HEN *Israel's* daughters mourn'd their past  
offences, (wenches ;  
They dealt in sackcloath, and turn'd cinder-  
But *Richmond's* fair-ones never spoil their looks,  
They use white powder, and wear *holland*  
' smocks,

O comely church ! where females find *clean linen*,  
As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**S**IR *Thomas Frelton* marries at three-  
score,  
The charming *Celia*, eighteen and no more ;  
You'll say this marriage sure must prove a curse,  
Why so ? she has a husband, he a nurse ;  
Nevertheless, hard is poor *Celia's* lot,  
She has a husband, — — as if she had not.

*Wrote by a Lady in her Prayer Book.*

**O**FT on my knees at church I've been,  
One pray'r my first and last ; —  
A husband is the thing I mean,  
Good Lord ! I am in haste.

*To NICYLLA.*

**S**OME wags *Nicylla*, say thy hair,  
Which makes thee seem so wond'rous fair,  
Is all an artful lady's cheat,  
And owes to comb's its glossy jet ;  
Say, is it lead ? or doth thou put on  
What barbers call *a Tete de Mutton*.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**T**HIS said, when first resili'd Love,  
 To cast his darts began,  
 He turn'd his skill and power to prove,  
 Great *foxe* into a *woman*,  
 Experience now can fairly shew,  
 That still the wedding noose,  
 Whether the passion's false or true,  
 Oft makes a *man* a *goose*.

*On Mrs. T——'s* By Dr. Swift.

**S**O bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,  
 As had drawn both their beast and their *Or-  
pheus* along ;  
 But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,  
 That the beast must have itav'd and the poet have  
 dy'd.

*The TOWN JILT.*

**H**OW foolish is the spark to trust the lass,  
 Who robs him of his nose before his face ?  
 For 'tis the nature mostly of a wench,  
 To borrow *English* coin, but pay in *French*.

*A Country Quarter Sessions.*

**T**hree or four parsons, three or four squires,  
 Three or four lawyers, three or four *lyars* ;  
 Three or four parishes bringing appeals,  
 Three or four hands and three or four seals :  
 Three or four baitards, three or four whores,  
 Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores ;  
 Three or four bulls, three or four cows ;  
 Three or four orders, three or four bows ;

Three

\* Alluding to the orders about the dittempered cattle.

Three or four statutes, (not understood.)  
Three or four paupers praying for food ;  
Three or four roads that never was mended,  
Three or four scolds, and the session is ended.

*A Dialogue at Tunbridge between ROGER and his brother DICK.*

**A**H ! Dick, said Roger, I have been,  
Where such a fine sight I have seen,  
That, hadst thou seen the like, my boy,  
Thou never wouldest forgot the day.  
You never saw a finer thing,  
Than I, said Dick, who saw the king.  
Roger reply'd in merry strain,  
Why prithee, hast thou crack'd thy brain ?  
I tell thee, Dick, I've seen what he,  
(God bless him) would be glad to see.  
Nay, nay, quoth Dick, if such the sight,  
Proceed to tell thy tale outright.  
Why so I will, if you will hear,  
And plainly make the thing appear :

This morn I left my plough and ran  
With bonny Susan, Kate, and Nan,  
To see an ass-race on the plain ; }  
We made much haste, for we were told,  
That men would ride all lac'd with gold ;  
We wonder'd much, such is their pride,  
That lords and squires would asses ride.  
What numbers of fine folks were there !  
Lord at the show how we did stare ;  
Some rode in coaches split in twain,  
To view at once the showy train ;  
Fine beaux in chaises seem'd to fly,  
Flutt'ring like paper kites on high ;

Full in the midst were asses led,  
 With gaudy trappings all bespread,  
 Who, with deportment grave and wile,  
 All this fine show seem'd to despise.  
 Fair nymphs to see and to be seen,  
 — And smiling with alluring mein,  
 Stood in the stand, all in a row,  
 And pleas'd, beheld the crowd below,  
 The gazing crowd so pret' d and teaz' l me,  
 That underneath the stand they squeez'd me,  
 Where, thro' the crannies I could spy,  
 More pleasing charms with half an eye,  
 Than those abroad that gaz'd so high.  
 White legs, thighs taper, and that same,  
 Which tho' I say I dare not name !  
 It would have made thy glad heart leap,  
 But to have had one single peep.

Here Dick cry'd out, and laugh'd aloud,  
 A mighty sight to see a crowd !  
 And pray, how common 'tis, dear brother,  
 To see the asses ride each other ?  
 The gilded chariots, coach and chaise,  
 Are what I should gaze at with amaze ;  
 But what you saw beneath the stand,  
 The thing most common in the land ;  
 For such a sight you need not roam,  
 — Susan can shew as good at home.

DAPHNIS and CHLOE ; a PASTORAL By  
 Mr. Dryden.

DAPHNIS.

THE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* bride,  
 By force away, and then by force enjoy'd,  
 But

But I by free consent can boast a bliss,  
A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kiss.

*Chloe.* Kisses are empty joys and soon are o'er.

*Daph.* A kiss between the lips is something more.

*Chloe.* I wipe my mouth, and where's your kisses then?

*Daph.* I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd again.

*Chloe.* Go tend your herd, and kiss your cows at home.

I am a maid, and in my beauty's Loom.

*Daph.* 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your tune;

But wisely use it ere you pa's your prime.

*Chloe.* Brown roses hold their sweetness to the last,

And raisins keep their luscious native taste.

*Daph.* The sun's too hot; these olive shades are near;

I fain would whisper something in your ear.

*Chloe.* 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,

God knows what secret mischief you may mean.

I doubt you'll play the wag, and kiss again.

*Daph.* At least beneath yon elm you need not fear;

My pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

*Chloe.* Play by yourself, I dare not venture thither;

You and your *naughty* pipe go hang together.

Navie,—what mean you — in this open place!

—Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch y<sup>t</sup>u face;

Let go, for thieve, you make me mad for spight;

My mouth's my own, and if you kiss I'll bite.

*Daph.*

*Daph.* Away with your dissembling female tricks:

**What**, would you 'scape the fate of all your sex.

*Chloe.* I swear I'll keep my maidenhead till death;

**And die as pure as Queen Elizabeth.**

*Daph.* Nay, inuin for that, but let me lay thee down,

Better with me than with some nausious clown.

*Chloe.* I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,

**I have been woo'd by many a wealthy hind;**

**But never found a husband to my mind.**

*Daph.* But they are absent all, and I am here.

*Chloe.* What do you mean, uncivil as you are,

**To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom bare?**

*Daph.* These pretty bubbles first I make my own.

*Chloe.* Put out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

*Daph.* Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

*Chloe.* Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:

**My linen ruffled, and my waistcoat soiling;**

**What, do you think new cloaths are made for spoiling.**

*Daph.* I'll lay my lambkins underneath thy back.

*Chloe.* My head-geer's off, what filthy work you make,

*Daph.* To *Venus* first, I lay these off'rings by.

*Chloe.* Nay, first look round that nobody be nigh:

Methinks I hear a whistling in the grove.

*Daph.* The Cypress trees are telling tales of love.

*Chloe.* You tear off a' l behind me and before me,

And I'm as naked as my mother bore me.

*Daph.* I'll buy thee better cloaths than these I tear,

And lie so close, I'll cover thee from air.

*Chloe.* You're liberal now, but when your turn is feed,

You'll with me cheaked with ev'ry crust of bread.

*Daph.* I'll give thee more, much more than I have told,

Would I could coin my very heart to gold!

*Chloe.* Forgive thy handmaid (nuntress of this wood)

I see there's no resisting flesh and blood.

*Daph.* The noble deed is done, my herd I pull,  
*Cupid.* be thine a calf, and *Venus*, thine a bull.

*Chloe.* A maid I came, in an unlucky hour,  
But hence return without my virgin flower.

*Daph.* A maid is but a barren name at best,  
If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at leaft.

PRUDENCE and TRUTH. *A Fable after the Manner of Fontaine.*

**O**NCE it fell out, as poets say,  
When Time and Light had been at play,  
The lads prov'd big—a trick of youth,  
And brought old Time a daughter, *Truth*;  
This virgin when she left her houle,  
Came up to court to look a spouse:

But

But sad, alas! her fortune there,  
How wild, says one, that creature's air,  
How blunt the wench! another cries;  
A third spy'd madness in her eyes!  
Thus us'd poor *Truth* was forc'd to rove,  
For none pretended (to her) love:  
*Art* was the reigning *Toast*, and she  
Could never with plain *Truth* agree.  
Vex'd to the soul, the virgin goes;  
To wilds and woods, she speaks her woes;  
And as thro' thel the chanc'd to stay,  
*Fortune* threw *Prudence* in her way:  
Seeing bright *Truth*, the goddess said,  
How fares it, lovely-looking maid?  
Why heave these sighs? Why fall these tears?  
Can harmless truth have real fears?  
With grief at this her bosom swells,  
For sobbing, scarce her tale she tells:  
Dear cousin, said, with smiling air,  
*The goddess*— “Tho' divinely fair,  
“ From ev'ry stain of guilt tho' free,  
“ Yet nakedness becomes not—thee.  
“ Be then advis'd—put on some cloaths,  
“ No more, all bare, these limbs expose,  
“ Nor trust your conduct quite to chance,  
“ But learn to speak—nay learn to dance,  
“ Good breeding borders not on vice;  
“ Be both in dress and virtue nice.”

### Epitaph on a Miser.

**B**eneath this verdant hillock lies,  
Demar the wealthy and the wise;  
His heirs, that he might safely rest,  
Have put his carcass in a chest.

The

The very chest in which they say,  
His other self, his money lay,  
And if his heirs continue kind,  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe, that four in five,  
Will think, his better half alive.

*EPITAPH on a Parish Clerk at Weston in Cheshire.*

**T**HREE lies entomb'd within this vault so  
dark,  
A taylor, cloth-drawer, soldier, and a clerk.  
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him  
took,  
His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer-book,  
He could not work, nor fight what then?  
He left the world, and faintly cry'd — *Amen.*

*SIMPLE SIMON; or, Who was to blame. A Tale.*

**Q**UOTH *Simon* to *Thomas* (and shew'd him his  
wife)  
‘See, *Thomas*! see here! the delight of my life;  
‘Look at her again! — did you ever behold  
‘Such sweetnes's enshrin'd in so charming a  
mould;  
‘For conjugal virtue she never had peer;  
‘To me all engaging; to others, severe.  
‘But then to enjoy her! good gods! such a feast  
‘Were fit for a monarch, or even a priest.  
‘Would she but consent, you should taste of the  
bliss,  
‘This man's my acquaintance, *Sue*, grant him a  
kiss.

*Sue*, yielded; and *Thomas*, accepted the grace,  
The husband sat by and beheld the embrace;

Over-

Overjoy'd the husband with a look, condescend  
As to his wife's beauty, by o'er-joying his friend.

How full is Cupid's camp of importunity!  
It pass'd a rotted life, and it left the heart,  
They say, a dead or withered heart, and well;  
And *Simon* command'd it to be well,

• Friend *Thomas*, you'll visit your neighbour again,  
• Your neighbour shall always be hearty and plain.  
• From eleven till two I am daily at 'change,  
• At any time else, sir, you'll do no make it strange.

*Tom* promis'd, the bottle went once more about,  
And then they most courtiously lighted him out.

*Sue* added her compliment too at the door,  
• My husband has mentioned the time, sir, before,  
• From eleven till two he's never at home—  
• I hope, sir, you'll do us the honour to come.

*Tom's* word was repeated: the sense of the  
promise,

Appear'd in the eyes of both *Susan* and *Thomas*.  
But *Simon* was blinded with love of the dame—  
If *Susan* was visited, who was to blame?

*On a Man's Choice, whether he would be hanged or  
married.* By the Earl of Rochester.

**L**O! here's the bride, and there's the tree,  
Take which of these best likest thee.  
The bargain's bad on either part;  
The woman's worst; —drive on the cart.  
Were woman little as they are good,  
A peacock would make them gown and hood.

*Epigram on an Old Maid.*

**B**eneath this place there lies an ancient maid,  
Whose secret parts no man did e'er invade  
Scarec.

Scarce her own fingers she'd permit to touch  
That virgin part, altho' it itch'd so much;  
And, in her last expiring, dying groans,  
Desir'd no tomb, if it was built with stones.

On a MISER.

OLD *Cornus* the miser, whose money was stole,  
Complain'd to his wife, he was robb'd of  
his soul;  
If it is, says the dame, to the right owners gone,  
The *De'el* has *your* soul, and the money *sir John*.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

TUS *Adam*, look'd, when from the garden  
driven,  
And thus disputed orders sent from Heaven.  
Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth;  
Like him I go, for angels drive us both.  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;  
His *Eve* went with him, but mine stay'd behind.

Sent in a Snuff-Box

THINK, and some useful lessons it will impart,  
That when you open it, you open my heart,  
Think, when you've this present from your lover;  
Yourself's the *bottom*, and that I'm the *cover*.

*The Hardship put upon the Ladies. By Dr. S—t.*

POOR ladies! though their busines be to play,  
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day.  
I Why

Why should they want the privilege of men,  
 Nor take some small diversions now and then?  
 Had women been the makers of our laws,  
 (And why they were not, I can see no cause)  
 The men should have at cards, from morn to  
 night,  
 And female pleasures be to read and write.

## An EPIGRAM.

**S**CARCE had five months expir'd since *Ralph*  
 did wed,  
 When lo! his fair wife was brought to bed.  
 How now, quoth *Ralph*, this is *no John*, my *Kate*?  
 No, *Ralph*, quoth she, you marry'd me *too late*.

## The LOVERS' Game at Cards.

**M**Y love and I for kisses play'd,  
 She would keep stakes, I was content;  
 But when I won, she would be paid,  
 Which made me ask her what she meant?  
 Nay, since, says she, I see your wrangling vein,  
 Take you your kisses, and I'll take mine again.

*Wrote in a young Lady's Common-Prayer Book upon  
 resolving to die a Maid.*

**F**LING this useless book away,  
 And presume no more to pray;  
 Heaven is just, and can bestow  
 Mercy on none, but such as mercy show;  
 With a proud heart maliciously inclin'd  
 Not to increase, but to decrease mankind.

In vain you vex the gods with your petition,  
Without repentance, and sincere contrition,  
You are in a very reprobate condition. }

*The DIMPLE.*

**S**YLVIA the young, the fair, the gay,  
A verdant bower inclos'd ;  
The little wanton, tir'd with play,  
In downy sleep repos'd.  
A bloom so like the peach's hue,  
Her glowing cheeks express'd,  
A bird, elated, eager flew  
And seiz'd the luscious feast.  
Ah ! lucky spoil, tho' rude the alarm,  
And *Sylvia* weeping rose,  
Since to the wound its smiling form  
That killing DIMPLE owes.

*CELIA's Complaint. An EPIGRAM.*

**A**S *Celia* once to *Damon* did confess,  
Her husband's impotence, and ask'd  
Redrefs ;  
Young *Damon* answer'd —— cuckold him my dear,  
Such worthless apes should horns for ever wear.  
To which the nymph reply'd with grateful eafe,  
Ah ! sir, I can't — but you may if you please.

*An EPIGRAM.*

**A**S good Mr. *Crape* with my Lord was at  
dinner,  
(For *Crape* may by frequently found with a sinner)

Mr. *Parson*, said he, just now on my life  
 I've cast off my miss, will you take her, to wife?  
 For tho' I've a little made use of my *Nancy*,  
 She'll *turn*, when she marries a parson, I fancy.  
 She may *turn*, please your honour, the parson  
 reply'd,

But I'll never *turn* to your miss as a bride;  
 For why, by your lordship, at night and in mor-  
 ning

She's been so much used, she'll not be worth  
 turning.

*Wrote by a Boy on his Sister's breaking a drinking  
 Glass.*

**S**EE, sister, in this shatter'd glass,  
 The fate of many a pretty lass;  
 Women, like glass, is frail and weak,  
 Is apt to slip, and apt to break:  
 Theretore guide every step with caution,  
 For just like glass is reputation;  
 Both broke to pieces in once falling,  
 For ever lost, and past recalling.

*An EPICRAM on bad Dancers to good Music.*

**I**N vain *Apoll*'s wakes the sounding lyre,  
 And from dead embers calls the living fire;  
 While fools, unguided by the tuneful sound,  
 In awkward measure dance the mazy round:  
 Thus *Orpheus* sung and thus the beasts obey'd,  
 Mov'd in such order to the tunes he play'd.

*An EPITAPH on the Earl of KILDARE.*

WHO kill'd *Kildare*? who dar'd *Kildare* to  
kill?  
Death kill'd *Kildare*, who dare kill whom he will.

*On CELIA. An EPICRAM.*

BY artful glances, and inviting smiles,  
*Celia* first hints her skill in am'rous toils;  
Returns each ogle from *Philander*'s eyes,  
And with him languishes, and with him sighs,  
At length, the happy man dares speak his flame,  
The willing *fair* too deigns to own the same:  
With melting kisses, takes him to her arms,  
And seems at once to give him all her charms:  
Yet she inexorable, still denies  
The only thing, for which her lover dies.  
*Celia* should know, that woman's conduct's such,  
She does too little, or she does too much.

*To a young Lady, on the receipt of a Valentine.*  
*Extempore.*

MADAM,

I Take it very kind of you,  
Who for your *Valentine* me drew;  
So when we shall together meet,  
Whether i' th' house, or open street,  
Perform your promise, think on this,  
Forfeit you must to me a kiss:  
Welcome you are to three, or four,  
Nay, if you please, to half a score.

Happy ! thrice bless'd I needs must be,  
 When one so fair saluteth me.  
 What shall I say ? it's bravely done,  
 And kisses double will return :  
 For, if I here miss on my aim,  
 You will a coward me proclaim,  
 But what ! if I my service prefer,  
 I hope you'll not refuse the offer ;  
 For had I known as much before,  
 (By Jove) I'd told you someting more :  
 But mum for that — if me you claim,  
 Expect a present for the same.  
 Witnes my name, witness my hand,  
 Your most obedient to command.

R-H.

*The P O E T's Lamentation.*

**T**EN pounds I sav'd, and bought a ticket,  
 Hoping a prize through fortune's wicket ;  
 But the fly jade has pay'd a prank,  
 And in its stead senth forth a blank :  
 I think they err, who say she's blind,  
 The rich alone her favours find :  
 To merit she has no regard,  
 Nay, rather robs than aids the bard,  
 I lose six pounds to gain her smile,  
 The profit of my midnight toil,  
 Now darling sing, for want of oil.  
 How hard my fate ! no more I'll trust her,  
 But learn to reason, she is juster ;  
 She warn'd me of this dire event,  
 Said, in the end I should repent.  
 So to my brethren of the quill,  
 This consolation I'd inflill,

Fortune's



Fortune's a foe to men of wit,  
These rarely find a luckey hit;  
The sons of dulness share each prize,  
They are her grovelling votaries.

EPICRAM. *By an old Bachelor.*

**T**HE *Have-wives* and *Lack-wives*, by century  
write,  
The one—because bitten, the other to bite.  
From whence we infer, the best rule to be given,  
To live here on earth, as the Saints do in Heaven.

*An Answer to the Old Bachelor's EPICRAM.*  
*By a Young Bachelor.*

**S**INCE your temper's so sour, and so cold  
your complexion,  
That the charms of the fair cannot win your  
affection;  
Live saint-like on earth still, nor fear to be told,  
He can never be young, who always was old.  
But, by your good leave sir, my rule too's one line,  
You may be your own carver, but shall not be  
mine.

*On a Gentleman who ran mad with the Love of a  
Physician's Daughter.*

**E**mploy'd to cure a love-distracted swain,  
The boasted aid of *Hellebore* is vain;  
None but the fair, the storm she rais'd can calm,  
Her smiles the cordial, and her tears the balm:  
In *Cynthia's bosom* dwells the magic pow'r,  
Sovereign to heal, and vital to restore.

But oh! what med'cine e'er could reach the heart!  
 The daughter's eyes have forl'd the father's art.  
 For matchless were the learn'd physicians skill,  
 If he could cure us fast as the can kill.

## E P I G R A M

**I**F what the \* bard asserts, for truth we take,  
 'That *every woman is at heart a rake*.'  
 'Tis custom only, not a virtuous cast,  
 Makes maid's so shy, or keeps our wives so chaste.  
 And since all men would fain secure *that fame*,  
 Who can the *Turk* or the *Italian* blame?

\* *Mr. Pope.*

## A N S W E R E D.

**T**HO' *Padlocks* and *Seraglio's* safe-guards are,  
 True love, well fix'd, surpasses both by  
 far:

Those may secure you a cold lifeless dame,  
 While this brings with the fair an equal flame:  
 Scorning the *Italian* then, and *Turk's* low arts,  
 Nought regales *Britons* but the ladies hearts.

H U M B L E W I S H. *Ey a young Lady.*

**I** Ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,  
 Nor wealth, nor pompous title wish to have;  
 But, since 'tis doom'd thro' all degrees of life,  
 Whether a daughter, sister or a wifie;  
 That female should the stronger male obey,  
 And yield implicit to their lordly sway;

Since

Since this, I say, is every woman's fate,  
Give me a mind to suit my faylith state.

*To CELIA, on her desiring me not to talk of Love.*

**C**AN I refrain from love tho' but a youth?  
Unskill'd in wiles, and what I speak, is  
truth;  
No airy prospect shall my blifs destroy,  
To life's last hour, I will my love enjoy.

*On a certain Collector of the Excise, having  
deluded a young Woman to cohabit with him.*

**C**ollectors, for the public trustees made,  
Ought to secure the duties of fair trade;  
But to the great dishonour of his post,  
This turns free-booter on the unguarded coast;  
A virgin by *false colours*, he's trepann'd,  
And *ran* a wit and beauty contreband.  
Of civil, sacred property th' invader,  
Both robs the church, and smuggles the fair  
trader.

*To the incomparable Miss G—c—t.*

**A**S with a friend on *Sunday* last,  
I tript along the mall;  
Snigg'ring at each powder'd beau,  
And gazing at each belle.  
A sudden buz ran thro' the croud,  
With "There! there's she in green;"  
I could not for my soul devise  
What all the noise did mean;

At

At length advancing further on  
 Where still the *hum* increas'd,  
 I saw you, lovely maid, I did,  
 And then my wonder ceas'd.

*Written in a young Lady's Almanack.*

**T**HINK, bright *Florella*, when you see  
 The constant changes of the year,  
 That nothing is from ruin free,  
 And gayest things must disappear.  
 Think of your glories in their bloom,  
 The spring of sprightly youth improve,  
 For cruel age, alas! will come,  
 And then 'twill be too late to love.

*The PEASANT and his GOD.*

*A FABLE. From Mr. Perrault*

**J**OVE the great parent of mankind,  
 Once to a peasant, lands assign'd  
 In trust, at the year's end to yield  
 Half the neat profits of the field ;  
 With this proviso, that the God  
 Should now attend the farmer's nod ;  
 Hail, rain, blow, freeze, or fond sun-shine,  
 Just as the peasant should incline.  
 On this, the man with pain and toil,  
 Plough'd, sow'd, and harrow'd well the **soil**,  
 Which first he dung'd, and saw with joy,  
**Love** as he pleas'd, his power employ.  
 Just as he sought the weather came,  
 Nor had one neighbour's grounds the same.

Well,

Well, harvest comes—and then he saw,  
A field not full of corn—but straw.  
At this *Jove* smil'd, who little car'd  
How well he as a partner far'd;  
And only meant to shew, how vain  
To providence is human pain;  
See, friend, he to the peasant said,  
How ill, on your own terms you've sped!  
When wind and snow, and rain and sun,  
Round daily at your option run.  
Go, plough, sow, dung, and tend your ground,  
I, in my province will be found;  
Your labour shew, nor doubt my skill,  
But leave the weather to my will.  
So said, so done—the harvest come,  
Such mighty loads of corn came home,  
That 'twas with equal skill and pain,  
The barns were made to hold the grain.  
Such was the change, when feeble man  
No more beyond his limits ran.

*The Waterman's EPIGRAM on a certain Nobleman's  
House being repair'd.*

**L**ONG on the river have I row'd,  
It may be years some thirty;  
While \* \* \* Earl his backside show'd,  
Green, yellow, black, and dirty;  
How is my heart rejoic'd, I cry'd,  
To see how white it made is!  
It is not now my Lord's backside,  
This surely is my Lady's.

*An*

## An EPIGRAM.

**C**RIES *Sylvia* to a reverend dean,  
 What reason can be given,  
 Since marriage is a holy thing;  
 That there is none in Heav'n?  
 There are no women, he reply'd,  
 She quick returns the jest—  
 Women there are, but I'm afraid  
 They cannot find a priest.

## An Epigram on Scolding.

**G**REAT folks are of a finer mould ;  
 Lord ! how politely they can scold.  
 While a coarse *English* tongue will itch,  
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

## An EPIGRAM.

**A**S *Philo*'s wife lay dead, to calm his grief,  
 He to his *Clarinda* flies, and finds relief,  
 She too was crying on her husband's score,  
*He's dead ! he's gone ! alas ! he is no more :*  
 Since they are dead, poor souls ! he, *Philo* cries,  
 'Twill be in vain to grieve, come, dry your eyes ;  
 Our care is just the same, away with sorrow,  
 One day's enough for that, we'll wed to-morrow.

## An Epitaph on a young Lady.

**U**Nderneath this stone does lie  
 As much virtue as could die ;

Which,

Which, when alive did vigour give  
To as much beauty as could live.

*Written by Dr. Swift on his own Deafness.*

**D**EAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burden grown ;  
No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell :  
At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart :  
Nay, what's incredible, alack !  
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

*An Extēmptōre Comp'aint to my empty Purse.*

**T**O thee, my purse, trouble ! I complain,  
To thee, that art the cause of all my pain ;  
Thy yellow gold is gone, and silver bright,  
Alas ! I'm heavy, because thou'rt so light ;  
To thee, my purse, for mercy thus I cry,  
Be heavy once again, or else I die.

*On the Derivation of the Word NEWS.*

**T**HE word explains itself without the muse,  
And the four letters speak whence comes  
the news,  
For *North*, *East*, *West*, *South*, the solution's  
made,  
Each quarter gives account of *War* and *Trade*.

PEGGY

PEGGY to her JOHN, at his leaving her to go on board the Carteret Buss, a Vessel just sailed for the Herring Fishery.

HOW dearly I love you, bear witness my heart!  
I wish you success, but 'tis death thus to part!  
With your fishery and herrings, you've kept a strange tuſſ,  
But tell me, dear John, how many *smacks* make a *buss*?

JOHN's Answer to his PEGGY.

WHY taunt you thus dear Peg! when you know all the day  
On your delicate lips I with transport could stay:  
What number of *smacks* make a *buss*, you enquire,  
There! there! a round hundred, by Jove I'm all fire.

Dean SWIFT's Manner of Living.

ON dry days alone I dine,  
Upon a chick and pint of wine:  
On rainy days I dine alone,  
And pick my chicken to the bone:  
But this my servant much enrages,  
No traps, lem'm to save board-wages.  
In weather fine I nothing spend,  
But often sponge upon a friend:

Yet

Yet where he's not so rich as I,  
I pay my club, and so good by.—

*The KING S of Europe. A JEST.*

**W**HY, pray of late, do *Europe's Kings*  
No Jester in their court admit?  
They're grown of late such stately things,  
To hear a joke they think not fit:  
But tho' each court a Jester lacks,  
To laugh at monarchs to their faces;  
All mankind behind their backs  
Supply the honest Jesters' places.

*LANDLADY DOBBINS. By Dr. Goldsmith.*

**A** Landlady Dobbins, a Whisfieldite pure,  
At meeting one Sunday de'ay'd,  
Coming home unexpected, she caught on the  
floor  
Her tapster with Dolly the maid:  
She flew to the ladle, the poker, the spit;  
But at last she began to proceed.  
Sure Satan himself of the bottomless pit  
Will avenge such a damnable deed.  
Pack off, then damn'd dog, or I'll give thee a  
douce,  
Avant with thee damnable whore:  
What, when I have twenty good beds in my  
house,  
To do such a thing on the floor!

*The*

*The Cook and his Partridge. A Tale.*

ONE day a tell-tale waiting maid,  
 In tears thus to her lady said,  
 The cook has vext me to the heart,  
 And if you do not take my part,  
 I never can hold up my face,  
 Without dishonour and disgrace.

My lady said, pray tell your meaning,  
 If there is reason for complaining,  
 I'll take your part, you may be certain,  
 And give you full revenge on Matin.

Madam, said she, and then she blush'd,  
 For me, I wish the thing was hush'd,  
 But I'm afraid it can't be hid,  
 The servants saw what Martin did ;  
 As by the kitchen fire I stand,  
 Thinking, God knows, on nought but good,  
 The cook did slyly by me stand,  
 And clap'd his something in my hand :  
 The like I never saw nor felt,  
 I'll have the wicked fellow gelt.

My lady said, run down in haste,  
 And send to me the lustful beast.

The cook came gravely up the stairs,  
 The lady put on all her airs :  
 You fawsy villain, madam said,  
 How durst you thus affront my maid ?  
 Martin then modestly begun,  
 Pray tell me, madam, what I've done ?  
 Your maids can ne'er complain of me,  
 Like lambs your maids and I agree.

My lady did in wrath reply,  
Can you your wicked deeds deny?  
My meaning you won't understand,  
What was't you clapt in Betty's hand?  
And is this all? replied the cook,  
Do I for this deserve rebuke?  
I'll tell you truth, as I'm a sinner,  
I've got some *partridges* for dinner;  
I was in a hurry, yet your maid,  
A thousand wanton frolics play'd;  
And since she in my way would stand,  
I clapt a *partridge* in her hand.

A likely tale, my lady said,  
As if you thought I'd keep a maid,  
So void of wit and common sense,  
As not to know the difference,  
'Twixt *partridges* and standing P——,  
Pray, Martin, leave your foolish tricks,  
Else I shall shew you to your sorrow,  
I'll make you quiet ere to-morrow.

Altho' the dame in anger spoke,  
Her eyes declar'd she was in joke;  
She was not cruel in her nature,  
But was a most obliging creature;  
She had a large extensive mind,  
And bore good will to all mankind,  
This made her wish, she had survey'd  
That something mention'd by her maid;  
And thought the cook deserv'd a bribe,  
If 'twas as Betty did describe;  
And from her foul she long'd to know,  
If that the thing was really so,  
At last, resolv'd to satisfy  
Her female curiosity;

The cook was handsome, young and clean,  
 And tho' his birth was low and mean,  
 Yet he might as much love afford,  
 As any duke or garter'd lord ;  
 Away she let all scruples fly,  
 And was determin'd she would try ;  
 She smil'd, and thus to Martin said,  
 Show me, young man, be not afraid,  
 The *partridge* which you shew'd my maid,

The fellow heard her with surprize,  
 With joy he view'd her wishing eyes,  
 Her orders readily obey'd ;  
 Transported, she the thing survey'd :  
 She saw the maid had told the truth,  
 And hugg'd the ample gifted youth :  
 Upon the bed they panting fell,  
 What more they did I cannot tell,  
 The dame was young, the fellow strong,  
 Their pastime did continue long :  
 Young Martin all his vigour try'd,  
 My lady in all things comply'd :  
 At last he was disabled quite,  
 And could not give nor take delight.

My lady clasp'd him round the waste,  
 And smiling said, I ne'er did taste,  
 Tho' I have been three years a wife,  
 So sweet a *partridge* in my life,  
 Farewell, dear Martin, heaven restore you,  
 I think I've plum'd your *partridge* for you.

*The Way to Learn. A Tale.*

I'VE heard it said in *Leicesterhire*,  
 There liv'd a young and simple 'squire,  
 Who,

Who, led by custom, took a wife,  
To be the comfort of his life.

The maid was young and wondrous fair,  
And had a most engaging air:  
The brainless 'squire believ'd that he  
Was happy to the last degree;  
All day he gaz'd upon her charms,  
And nightly lock'd her in his arms.

Madam, who wish'd for something more,  
The sheets for very anger tore.

A week this joyless life she led,  
And only shar'd her husband's bed,  
'Till, quite o'ercome with discontent,  
She to the honest Parson went.

Kind Sir, said she, oppres'd with grief,  
I come to you to ask relief;  
'Twas you, who, at my friend's desire,  
Did join me to this booby 'squire;  
Eight days I've been his wife and more,  
Yet I'm a virgin as before,  
No sort of joy with him I find,  
He doth not serve me after kind;  
He either manhood wants, or skill,  
Since I am what I told you still.

'Tis very hard, the Parson said,  
That one so fair should be a maid,  
Yet have a husband; on my life,  
If I had got you for a wife,  
That moment I had got to bed  
You should have lost your maidenhead;  
I had employ'd the precious time,  
And taught you joys that are sublime;  
But since it was not Heaven's decree,  
Pray send your idle spouse to me,

I shall

I shall instruct him in the art,  
And make him act a husband's part.

Away she ran in great content,  
And to the priest her husband sent,  
Where, being seated by the fire,  
The Parson said, my worthy 'squire,  
To me you make a goodly figure,  
And seem to be a man of vigour ;  
How do you like the married life ?  
And which way do you use your wife ?  
I hope the nuptial joys you've try'd,  
To this the simple 'squire reply'd,  
Great are my joys, I must confess,  
No language can my joys express ;  
All day I hugg, all day I kiss,  
And toy away my hours in bliss,  
All night within my arms she lies,  
I kiss her bosom, lips and eyes,  
Like lambs or kids we sportful play,  
And harmless pass our time away.

The Parson shook his head at this,  
And said, if you do nought but kiss,  
Small entertainment she will find :  
Do you never serve her after kind ?  
The 'squire, at this astonish'd sat,  
And ask'd him what he meant by that.

The Parson at his dulness star'd,  
And bid him look into the yard.

Behold, said he, that turkey cock,  
Who doth your want of knowledge mock ;  
I beg you would his actions mind,  
He serves his female after kind ;  
Should Brutes more wisdom have than you,  
And teach your worship what to do ?

The 'squire beheld the cock with wonder,  
And saw him hold his female under :  
He thank'd the Parson for his care,  
And to his dearest did repair.

My life, said he, I blush for shame,  
And freely own I've been to blame ;  
For tho' I doated on your charms,  
And held you in my loving arms,  
In duty I have been behind,  
And never serv'd you after kind ;  
From ignorance my error sprung,  
You know I'm thoughtless, simple, young,  
The Parson, blessings on his heart,  
Has shewn me how to play my part.

This said, he gave a kind embrace,  
And turn'd the fair one on her face,  
Her hair he in his teeth did seize,  
And punch'd her buttocks with his knees ;  
A ! that he saw the turkey-cock !  
He did, and made her black and blue.

Th' offended wife cried out with pain,  
And begg'd he'd see the priest again ;  
But left, my dear, that you should make  
Another blunder or mistake ;  
I'll go with you, he was content,  
And to the Parson joyful went.

He welcom'd them ; the 'squire begun,  
And laughing, told what he had done ;  
Like any turkey-cock I trod,  
But angry madam gave a nod,  
And said, the wicked man says true,  
He trod my limbs both black and blue ;  
And now you see my sorrow necks :  
Pray what care I for turkey-cocks ?

He's

He's very dull, it ne'er will do,  
Unless he's better taught by you.

'The wanton parson took the hint,  
And smiling said, the devil's in't,  
Since my advice and precepts fail,  
If demonstration don't prevail:  
Good 'squire, look well on what I do,  
And if this method you pursue,  
You shall the joys of wedlock find,  
And serve my lady after kind.

No more he said, but gravely led,  
The willing fair one to the bed,  
Upon her back he laid her down,  
Pull'd up her petticoats and gown,  
And ev'ry thing that lay in his way,  
Then did begin the wanton play.

While thus they did themselves employ,  
'Th' attentive 'squire look'd on with joy;  
He did not shew the least concern,  
But look'd with a design to learn  
Each motion he observ'd with care:  
But, when the parson and the fair  
Entranç'd in height of rapture lay,  
He knew not what to do or say;  
He fear'd the happy pair were dead.

At last she faintly rais'd her head,  
And said, sweet doctor, I intreat  
You would again the joy repeat:  
Kind sir, I tell you with concern,  
My husband's dull and slow to learn,  
And what you've done will be in vain,  
Unless you shew it once again.

*Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M. Rabelais.*

WHILE others idle tales relate,  
To fright men from the marry'd state,  
Do thou, my muse, in humble verse,  
The virtues of a wife rehearse.

A farmer of much wealth posseis'd,  
With friends too, while they lasted, bless'd,  
Kept open house, and lov'd to feast  
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.  
To pleasures he prescrib'd no bounds ;  
He kept his hunters, pack of hounds ;  
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,  
Some gentleman had cross'd the strain.  
To try all joys, and plagues of life,  
He boldly took a buxom wife.  
Now fresh expences, fresh delights,  
Attend the day, and crown the nights.  
His new acquaintance crowd the house ;  
Some praife the fare, but most the spouse ;  
Each strove who should divert the most,  
But still 'twas at the husband's cost.  
He thoughtless, prais'd the expensive pleasure,  
To please his dear domestic treasure,  
All care was scorn'd, and bus'ness vanish'd :  
The present joys thoughts future banish'd :  
And being both of years but vernal,  
They thought their wealth and loves eternal.

But oh ! how vain are all men's fancies !  
Ill-grounded projects, mere romances.  
What whims the wisest entertain ?  
What strange delusions fill our brain !

When

When we are eager to possess,  
 We smooth the road to happiness :  
 We level mountains, empty seas,  
 And reason fierce desires obeys.  
 The greatest danger we despise ;  
 Our passion sees, and not our eyes.

Our pair now find, some seasons past,  
 Nor wealth, nor love, would always last,  
 Unless improv'd with application ;  
 But that in one is out of fashion.  
 Gold indeed preserves its sway,  
 But *love* ! who does thy pow'r obey ?  
 Ev'n women now profess to range,  
 And all their pleasure is in change ;  
 Now seek the present joys t' improve,  
 Yielding to many that call love ;  
 Artful new lovers to engage,  
 Then slight his love, and scorn his rage.  
 Thus these behold what they possess'd,  
 And wonder how they once were blest'd.  
 Their jars are thought on, and improv'd ;  
 They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.  
 Thus lab'ring on in dirty road,  
 They snarl, and curse the heavy load.

How happy were our mortal state,  
 Were indolence but our worst fate !  
 No sooner joys the place forsake,  
 But racking pains dominion take ;  
 No sooner love had fled the pair,  
 When enter'd meagre want and care.  
 The house, which had such vast resort,  
 When riot seem'd to keep his court,  
 Is now forsook, a lonely cell,  
 Where *silence*, undisturb'd, might dwell,

Clean pans and spits the walls now grac'd,  
For ornament the pewter's plac'd,  
Bright dishes entertain the eye ;  
No kitchen-smoke offends the sky.

Hogsheads with dismal sounds complain'd,  
Both hogsheads and the man were drain'd.  
His landlord, stern, his rents demands,  
Stray'd are his flocks, unplough'd his lands.  
The wife advises friends to try ;  
Her's she was sure, would not deny.  
A thousand vows she had receiv'd ;  
Each vow repaid, for she believ'd.

But oh ! how soon did they discover,  
'Tis wealth brings friends, the face a lover.  
His wants are heard without relief ;  
Her eyes afford not joy, nor grief.  
His wasted fortune all affrights ;  
Her faded beauty none invites.

Oppress'd with want, to woods he flies,  
And seeks the peace his house denies.  
Roving, lamenting his condition,  
Fate kindly sent him a physician.  
His habit, cane, and formal face,  
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* race :  
But cloven feet the fiend detect,  
And prov'd him author of the sect.  
With joy he spy'd the wretch's cares,  
And, tawning, thus he spread his snares.  
My son ! with pity I have seen  
(I ho I've a foe to pity been)  
The sad disasters you endure,  
That of a wife admits no cure.  
I know your wants, and her's I guess ;  
I cannot swear I'll both redress,

That talk, I fear, is too uneasy ;  
 But if possessions large will please ye,  
 Behold this spacious tract of land,  
 All that you see's at my command.

I'll give it freely all to thee,  
 If we, on articles, agree.

I can perform it, I'm the devil, —  
 Nay, never fear, man, I'll be civil.  
 It shall be your's to plough and sow ;  
 All that above the ground does grow,  
 What e'er it is, shall be my due ;  
 The rest I freely give to you.

Gladly the farmer does submit,  
 For pinching want hath taught him wit.  
 With roots he plants the fruitful soil,  
 Which well rewarded all his toil.  
 But to his landlord's jilted share  
 A weedy harvest does appear.

The devil, next, new cov'nants makes,  
 Next year all under-ground he takes.  
 Then golden wheat the land does bear,  
 And useles roots are *Satan's* share.  
 The fiend resolv'd to spoil the jest,  
 And thus the farmer he address'd.

Believe me, friend, thou art a sharper,  
*Satan* himself has caught a *Tartar* ;  
 I've seen thy wit, but now at length,  
 I am resolv'd to try thy strength.  
 A scratching match we'll have together ;  
 Look to thyself, I'll claw thy leather.  
 If I submit, the land is thine ;  
 If I o'ercome, thy soul is mine.  
 Think for your quiet, I conjure ye ;  
 Should you to hell, you leave a fury.

Observe those talons, and away,  
And *Friday* next shall be the day.  
A mod'rate beauty will inflame,  
'Till we have seen a brighter dame.  
Rivers, with wonder, we survey,  
'Till we behold the boundless sea,  
So ev'ry little trifling care  
Appears a load we cannot bear.  
But if some horrid tortures seize us,  
What late we dreaded now would ease us.

The wretched farmer homeward goes,  
And dreads his future endless woes.  
His cares, his duns, his wants, his wife,  
And all the banes of happy life,  
Would now afford him vast content,  
Could he th' unequal match prevent.  
His prying turtle quickly guest,  
Some care uncommon fill'd his breast.  
Husband and wife, sometimes relate  
Their cares and busness, tho' they hate.  
Nor always *Nature's* call deny,  
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.  
Her wheedling tongue soon found the means  
To make the wretch disclose his pains.  
He tells the combat, and the laws,  
And magnifies his monst'rous paws.

Pish! Is this all that plagues your mind?  
An easy remedy I'll find.  
You to your wife's advice subinit,  
And we'll the devil himself out-wit.  
Come, turn about — and leave your moans, —  
These husbands are such very drones, —  
He figh'd, obey'd, and did his best;  
His task perform'd, he went to rest.

Our happy hours are quickly past,  
And time to misery makes haste.  
Soon Friday comes, a dismal day!  
When such a guest would visits pay.  
The farmer dreads the approaching scuffle  
(The thoughts of hell, the boldest ruffle)  
But still his wife keeps up her spirits;  
She knew her safe-guard, and its merits:  
She bids him hide, what'er should fall on't,  
While she receiv'd the dreadful gallant.  
He soon obeys th' advent'rous dame;  
The husband gone, the devil came.  
Who knocks, impetuous, at the gate,  
And angry grows, that he shou'd wait.  
Again, for entrance, loud he cries,  
But screams and groans are the replies.  
Love and the devil who can bind;  
They stronger grow, the more confin'd:  
If they cay'spy the smallest hole,  
One takes the heart, and one the soul.  
So Satan, vex'd at the delay,  
Whipp'd thro' they key-hole to his prey;  
But to his great amazement, found  
Th' indecent wife spread on the ground:  
High as the waste expos'd and bare,  
And with her shrieks she pierc'd the air.  
Why, how now, woman? whence this passion?  
This posture, and such exclamation?  
Ah! pity, sir, my wretched case,  
And quickly fly this horrid place.  
You, by your grim majestick air,  
Your feet, your claws, your horns declare,  
You with my husband come to scratch;  
But thou, ah! shan't unequal match!

The

The cruel monster ready stands,  
But hope not to escape his hands :  
His nails are scythes, upon my life,  
And for his horrs, sir, — I'm his wife.  
This morn, to try what he could do,  
On me he would his prowefs shew :  
This chasin he made with's little finger ;  
Behold, sir, — is it not a swinger ?  
With that she threw her legs aside.  
And shew'd a hole surprizing wide.

Zounds, quoth the devil (quite amaz'd,  
When on the deadly gulph he gaz'd)  
What do I see ! what makes that wound  
Of such extent, and so profound ?  
If that nail such a wound cou'd tear,  
What can the force of ten claws bear !  
And by the stench, to shew his spight,  
With poison'd weapons he would fight.  
My talons are not half so long,  
Nor is my fulphur half so strong,  
No, I'll submit, since my lot's hell,  
At least I'll in a whole skin dwell.  
The land is his, but be he bound,  
Since he has made, to fill that wound,  
With that he vanish'd from her eyes,  
And fulph'rous stench and fume arise.

The farmer hastens to the place,  
His great deliv'rer to embrace.  
Well hast thou freed my tim'rous soul ;  
But what did e'er thy pow'r controul ;  
The fiercest rage it soon disarms,  
Tho' hell it frights, yet men it charms.  
But be it on thy tomb engrav'd,  
'Tis the first soul a wife e'er sav'd.

## MELESINDA's Misfortune on Burning of her Smock.

**T**Ir'd with the bus'nes of the day,  
 Upon her couch supinely lay  
 Fair *Melesinda* void of care,  
 No living creature being near:  
 When strait a calm and gentle sleep  
 Did o'er her drowsy eye-lids creep:  
 Her senses thus by setters ty'd,  
 By nimble fancy were supply'd:  
 Her quick imagination brought  
 Th' ideas of her waking thought;  
 She dreamt herself a new-made bride  
 In bed, by young *Philander*'s side:  
 The posset's eat, the stocking thrown,  
 And all the company's withdrawn.  
 And now the blest *Elisium*,  
 Of all her wisht for joys, is come.  
*Philander*, all dissolv'd in charms,  
 Lyes raptur'd in her circling arms,  
 With panting breasts, and swimming eyes,  
 She mee's the visionary joys;  
 In all the amorous postures love,  
 Which th' height of exray cou'd move:  
 But as she roving did advance  
 Her trembling legs, O dire mischance!  
 The couch being near the fire-side,  
 Sh' expanded them, alas! too wide:  
 Sh' expos'd her nethermost attire  
 Unto th' embraces of the fire;  
 So the chaste *Phœnix* of the *East*  
 With flutt'ring fires her spicy nest.

So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,  
Burnt with fire and with love.  
The flames at first did trembling seize  
The dangling hem of the lost prize ;  
But finding no resistance, higher  
As 'tis their nature to aspire.  
Approaching near the seat of bliss,  
The center of earthly happiness,  
Which vastly more of pleasure yields,  
Than all the feign'd *Elysian* fields :  
But ignorance must now excuse  
The silence of my bashful *Muse* :  
Her modesty hid ne'er the face  
T' ascend above the gartering place ;  
Put doubtless 'twas a lovely sight  
The fire beheld by his own light.  
So *Ovid* wish'd himself a flea,  
That to transform'd he might survey  
His love all o'er, and uncontrol'd  
Her every grace and charm behold.  
Had *Ovid's* flea been there to night,  
I fear 't had had but small delight.  
His rival flames had spoil'd his bliss,  
And made him curse his *Metamorphosis*.  
At last the flames were grown so rude,  
They boldly ev'ry where intrude ;  
They soon recall'd the lady's sense,  
And chag'd the pleasing vision thence :  
Soon as her eyes recover'd light,  
She strait beheld the dismal sight ;  
Beheld herself, like blazing star,  
Or bright taill'd glow-worm to appear :  
She had no time to meditate  
Upon the strangeness of her fate ;

But

But was constrain'd to lay about,

To beat the impious fire out :

The am'rous flames were loth to go,

They kiss'd her hind at ev'ry glow ;

And round her iv'ry fingers play,

And seen'd as it they begg'd to stay.

At quish'd at last they did retire,

And in a gloomy smoak expire.

Then viewing of her half-burnt smock,

To us to herself the sad nymph spoke :

Is this the effect of dreams ? Is this

The fruit of all my fancy'd bliss ?

Misfortunes will, I see, betide,

When maidens throw their legs too wide :

Had I but kept my legs a-crois,

I and my smock had had no los's :

I wot, I'm sure, to have took more heed,

For never had virgin greater need ;

My kindness and my little care

Has left me scarce a smock to wear :

Some have been begg'd, some have been burn'd,

All are to clouts, or tinder, turn'd.

Two smocks last night the flames surpriz'd,

And in the flasket sacrific'd ;

Others I did on friends beslow,

Not dreaming I should want 'em now ;

But I could bear the los's of them,

Had not the fire disturb'd my dream.

There is a saying frights me too,

But Heaven forbid it shou'd be true ;

That where a virgin burns her train,

So, all her life-time, she'll remain.

I dare not tell of this belief,

For should I, I should die with grief,

Live always here a nun-like life  
And never, never be a wife ;  
Never enjoy a marriage-bed,  
Nor loote a hated maiden-head :  
Ah ! cruel flames, you're too unkind  
To bring these fancies to my mind :  
Down, down into your native cell,  
In your own blazing regions dwell :  
Vex me no more, let me possess  
My linen, or my dream in peace.  
Thus the poor nymph, bewail'd her treach'r'ous  
luck,  
At once to lose so good a dream and sinock.

*The Devil and Hodge. A Tale.*

**I**S there a man, so rich an heir  
To fortune's providential care,  
Whom disappointments ne'er perplex,  
Nor anxious visitations vex ?  
In heavy loads mankind have had 'em,  
Down from their ancient daddy *Adam*.

*All is not gold, the proverb lays,*  
*That glitters, with resulgent rays ;*  
*And those who court its bright possession,*  
*Oft-times embrace an airy vision.*

So when 't has been poor poet's fate  
To 've vain dependance on the great,  
Or expectation of a purse  
Of splended guineas for his verse,  
And promises are all his gain,  
What golden dreams perplex his brain ?

*Roger,*

*Roger*, a swain, knew either how  
To drive a cart, or milk a cow ;  
And always had good share of plow,  
When having spent in toll the day,  
At eight he'd whittle home his way.

It happen'd once upon a time,  
Poffel'd with learning mett sunlime,  
*Hodge* conversation'd with the Devil,  
Who serv'd poor *Hodge* a trick uncivill:  
Indeed! — the Devil, say you? — ay ;  
And you shall hear how by and by.

*Roger* coming home one night, sir ;  
With a waundy appetite, sir ;  
Impatient gut exciting, he  
Breaks out in this soliloquy :  
‘ Of all the dainties eating’s good in,  
‘ There’s none compar’d with beef and pudding ;  
‘ And now and then, brave hearty cheer !  
‘ A jogg of farmer *Barley*’s beer.  
‘ Than which there’s nought can better please,  
‘ Weil bung’d with lunch of bread and cheese.  
‘ But let me see — as I’m a firmer,  
‘ There’s all the beef left, boild for dinner :  
‘ Oh ! beef thou source of all delight,  
‘ With thee I’ll glut my soul this night !

*Hodge* being arriv’d at pantry door,  
Where he had left boild beef galore :  
T’ his great surprize and finall relief,  
He found that some damnid hungry thief,  
Had made away with all his beef ;  
Oh ! how he storm’d and made a rout,  
Could he but find the villain out —  
Howe’r, he twore he’d have an anwer  
The next morn from a cunning man, sir :

But

But how he made it up with belly,  
I will as brief as may be tell ye ;  
And, without any more ado,  
The sequel of the tale pursue.

At last, says *Hodge*, and scratch'd his head,  
' Must I go supperless to bed ?  
— No, — let me see — a spark of fire  
Now wou'd gratify my desire.'  
' Tis found — and having ta'en a skillet,  
With milk and flour he hastens to fill it ;  
Of which, a mess all of a sudden  
He made and call'd it hasty pudding ;  
And of it having eat molt mantul-  
Ly, about a three quart pan-full ;  
*Roger* began to be at rest,  
And so betook himself to nest,  
How sweet's the life of rural swains ?  
What blis succeeds their daily pains ?  
His homely hut, twice fifty fms,  
Had stood unvisited by duns ;  
And no importance of state-  
Affairs perplex'd his peaceful pate,  
For let them go, sir, as they will,  
*Roger* is *semper idem* still.

But lo ! about the dead of night,  
A hideous cloven-footed sprite  
Appear'd to *Hodge*, with stretch'd-out claws,  
And out o' bed he straightway draws  
The poor and harmless trembling twain,  
Mumbling forth his pray's amain :  
' I'm *Pluto*, swain, the phantom fiend ;  
' Come, follow me, be not dismay'd !  
With cringing bow and great submition,  
He strait obeys the dreadful vision.

*Hodge*

*Hodge* was behind, the Devil before,  
Making their exit out at door;  
You wou'd ha' burst your sides with laughter,  
To've seen the clown creep quiv'ring after,

    Into the orchard *Pluto* goes,

With his black A—— tow'rs *Hodge*'s nose.

Where, pointing to an ancient tree,

‘ *Roger*, hard by that root, says he,

‘ There lies a fund of gold for thee.’

At that a smile o'erspread his face,

And *Hodge* began to've heart of grace,

And thus accosts the gen'rous Devil,

‘ Faih, master *Pluto*, this is civil,

‘ And I ever shall endeavour

‘ To recompense this wond'rous favour: —

‘ But, hold tho' — stay — how shall I find

‘ The place again, no mark behind?

‘ Good sir, it 'tis not too much trouble,

‘ Will you tell me that, sir? — bubble.’

‘ Sh——e near the place, and on my word,

‘ Thou'l know next morning by the t——d.’

*Hodge* made a shift, I know not how,

To thank him with an awkward bow;

Then strain'd the token there to lay,

And straight the Devil fled away.

*Roger* in the morning wak'd,

His golden pudding being bak'd,

And rubb'd his eyes, and rais'd his head,

And found a swinging t——d in bed.



F I N I S.

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